THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

Copyright, 1947, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

Week of Oct. 5, 1947

Paintings by Modest Stein

Heroines of Literature

Ramona

Read John Erskine's Story

On Next Page

The Sorrows of Ramona

By John Erskine

SHORTLY after the United States had taken possession of California, Senora Moreno, widow of a Mexican general, lived on her vast sheep ranch with her son, Felipe, and her niece, Ramona. Ramona was 16, Felipe slightly older.

Everyone in the large household, the ranch workers as well as the personal attendants of the Senora, knew that there was a mystery about Ramona, by whose beauty they were captivated.

The girl was in fact the daughter of a rich shipowner, a Scot named Angus Phail, to whom the Senora's sister, Ramona Gonzaga, had betrothed herself but whom she jilted for another man, Francis Ortegna.

The faithless Ramona Gonzaga had a wretched life with Ortegna, and Angus Phail drowned his sorrow in drink and in associating with good-looking Indian girls.

The Ramona who gives her name to the story was the child of his last Indian sweetheart.

Angus Phail gave the infant the name of his true love who had jilted him, and Ramona Ortegna, in contrition for her faithlessness, accepted her namesake as her daughter.

When Senora Ortegna died, she intrusted Ramona to her sister, Senora Moreno, along with a box of jewels which Angus Phail left as a dowry for his child.

The sheep-shearing on the ranch was performed year after year by a neighboring tribe of Indians, faithful and efficient.

The chief of the tribe had a son, Alessandro, of the same age as Felipe, handsomer and more highly gifted, with a beautiful voice and considerable skill on the violin. Of course he loved Ramona, and gradually she realized that she wished to marry him, not Felipe.

The bond between her and Alessandro was her Indian blood. Felipe, being of an incredibly noble character, resigned himself cheerfully to be the spectator and the encourager of his rival's happiness.

When Senora Moreno opposed the match, the lovers defied her and ran away. This concludes the first part of the story, which some critics say is remarkable for its portrait of feudal life on southern California sheep ranches before the coming of white citizens from the eastern states.

The author herself, Helen Hunt Jackson, attached more importance, for reasons to be noted shortly, to the rest of the book, which is an unrelieved series of tragic disasters, told in a glut of sentimentality verging upon the maudlin.

When Alessandro brought Ramona to his own people, he was horrified to learn that the government's Indian agents had dispossessed the Indians from their ancestral land, and that his father had died of grief. The two lovers wandered tragically from place to place, pursued always by the white Americans, hungry for land.

Cheated of every hope, the Indian youth and his lovely bride saw their child die of hunger and hardship. Alessandro was crazed by grief, and might have tried for a reckless revenge had he not been shot down by a villainous frontiersman who believed that the best Indians are the dead ones.

While Alessandro and Ramona endured their odyssey of persecution, Felipe was searching for them. His mother, Senora Moreno, had died, and he had come into possession of the jewels which belonged to Ramona.

When he found her at last, a widow, he took her home to the Moreno ranch, installed her in the wealth which was rightfully hers, married her, and made her happy.

The second part of the novel deals lugubriously and in prolonged detail with the sorrows of Alessandro and Ramona. When Mrs. Jackson wrote the story, her entire purpose was to expose the white man's injustice to the red man.

She had almost no talent for story-telling, and her narrative, when she tries to wring our heart, is too often absurd, but she drew one unforgettable portrait; her picture of her heroine Ramona keeps her name alive.

By some unsuspected genius, the otherwise amateurish novelist has incarnated in the face and figure of her heroine, in Ramona's gray eyes from her father and black hair from her mother—and in the girl's lofty character, loving and heroic—an ideal of womanhood which haunted the imagination of mankind long before California or America was discovered.

The author of this novel was born Helen Fiske in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1830. She was a neighbor and schoolmate of Emily Dickinson, the poet. In 1852 she married Edward Bissell Hunt, an army engineer. After his death in 1863 she began to write under the guidance of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had advised Emily Dickinson.

After a trip to California Mrs. Hunt settled in Colorado Springs, where in 1875 she married William Sharpless Jackson, a banker interested in railroads. In 1881 she published "A Century of Dishonor," an indignant report of the ill-treatment of Indian tribes by the United States.

For the rest of her life she crusaded for justice to the Indian as Mrs. Stowe had crusaded for justice for the Negro. Having investigated the condition of the Indians in California, she started to write another report, but turned the material into her novel, "Ramona."

Her heroine, Ramona, keeps the story alive to this day—in fact, gives it special significance at the present moment, as a warning against the cruelty of arbitrary power.

Next week Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Driven From Their Ancestral Lands by the Avaricious Whites, Ramona and Her Husband, Alessandro, Wandered Until Their Child Died of Hunger and Hardship.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

A MILE AND A HALF BELOW YOU lies the broad Mississippi Valley as it looked in Minnesota during harvest time this year. The good earth, skillfully cultivated by the farmer, is re-enacting its annual miracle—of filling the nation's breadbasket. But there's more to this tranquil American scene than meets the eye.

To make a long story short . . .

Here in this one picture are quite a few of the people who shared the $370,900,000 we took in from the sale of our products last year.

The farmer is here in a big way. He and our other suppliers received $311,900,000 for their materials and services—84% of our total sales income.

Some of the 12,000 General Mills men and women who make and sell our products are also in this picture. They received the next biggest share, 10% of our sales income—$37,700,000 (including pension benefits). This was an increase of $5,800,000 over the year before.

Many of our 12,700 stockholders live in small towns like the one at the river bend above. Their savings provide the tools and facilities that make the business possible. Last year they received $5,900,000 in dividends—1½% of our sales income.

The company's earnings were approximately 2½¢ on each dollar of sales.

Perhaps you'd like to see in more detail what happened to the money you spent last year for Wheaties, Gold Medal Flour and other General Mills products, including the new Apple PYE*QUICK* and the Tru-Heat Iron sponsored by Betty Crocker. We will be glad to send you a copy of our annual report, as submitted to our stockholders and employees. Address General Mills, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

Copyright 1947, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., makers of Wheaties, Kix, Cheerios, Bisquick, Softasilk Cake Flour, Gold Medal Flour, Betty Crocker Soups, PYE*QUICK*, Larro Feeds, Bakery Flours, Tru-Heat Iron, Pressure*Quick* Saucepan, Vitamins, Special Wheat, Soy, Durum and Oat Products.

A FAVOR for a FRIEND

Georgette Windsor, the Pretty Michigan Farm Girl Who Became a Model, Refused a Seven-Year Movie Contract, and Nearly Refused to Marry Reggie Vanderbilt's Grandson —But Didn't.

By Ray Helgesen

WHEN Harry Cushing IV, grandson of the fabulous Reggie Vanderbilt, did a favor for his friend Johnny Meyer he probably didn't expect more than a grateful "thanks, Pal." Instead, he got a wife.

Cushing is the son of the late Cathleen Vanderbilt Cushing Arostegui, daughter of Reggie Vanderbilt by his first wife. He's an ex-GI, young, handsome and wealthy and a cousin of Gloria Vanderbilt di Cicco Stokowski.

Gloria is the young heiress who shocked New York society by suggesting, not too subtly, that her mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, second wife of Reggie, go to work.

It seems hardly necessary to identify the recipient of the favor.

But in case you've forgotten, Johnny Meyer is the cherubic, rolypoly, young but slightly balding contact man for Howard Hughes whose expenditures for entertainment of notable persons were aired at the recent hearing of the Senate War Investigating Committee.

Johnny testified he picked up sizable checks at New York's Stork Club, El Morocco, the Waldorf and other swank spots.

It seems that one morning after a night of entertaining Johnny was in a jam.

Groggily, as he bathed his expansive forehead with ice water, Johnny remembered he had made a luncheon date with beautiful Georgette Windsor.

Georgette was the ex-model whose refusal to sign a seven-year movie contract had so shocked Hollywood and New York. Johnny had been squiring Georgette for some months and some people thought it was love.

But it wasn't. Johnny was in love with Janet Thomas, lovely blond film starlet, who hadn't been seeing him for so many months that Johnny was beginning to lose weight.

So, when Johnny reached his suite in the Waldorf Towers and recalled his luncheon date for the next day Johnny was in a dilemma.

As he bathed his head Johnny mentally ran over his list of eligibles. Then he picked up the phone.

At the other end Harry Cushing IV sleepily answered. He listened a few seconds, smiling as Johnny explained his troubles.

"Okay, Johnny, I'll do it . . . At Morocco at two o'clock . . . Of course I've seen her . . . Sure, she's very beautiful and you know I'll protect your interests . . . All right, you're tied up with a business appointment. I'll see that she understands."

Young Cushing remembered Janet Thomas, too. "What business," he must have thought.

That's how handsome Harry Cushing met Georgette Windsor.

When he smilingly walked up to her in New York's famed Morocco and explained that his friend Johnny was suddenly called to a business appointment something seemed to happen to these two youngsters. He is 24, she 23.

Over luncheon Cushing learned many things about the ex-model.

Most important discovery, apparently, was that she was not in love with Johnny Meyer, definitely not, and that she had no reason to suspect that he was in love with her.

Then began as furious a courtship as New York and Hollywood have witnessed in many a day. By degrees Cushing discovered that the reason the ex-model had refused a movie contract was because she, believe it or not, had decided she did not have enough talent.

He learned she had dreams of another career. She believed she could design clothes and preferred to attempt a career as a stylist instead of an actress, though her beauty alone might have made her a Hollywood success, experts agreed.

He found she had been born on a farm in the Midwest and had been reared by her grandparents in St. Joseph, Michigan. He learned she had left St. Joseph three years ago to go to Chicago where she modeled to pay her expenses while she studied clothes designing.

Within a month, completely in love, Cushing proposed.

Then came surprise number one. The ex-farm girl wasn't sure she wanted to marry anyone, even a scion of the Vanderbilts.

Not that there was anything wrong with being a scion of the Vanderbilts and having all that money. It wasn't that. She just wanted a career more than marriage.

Cushing was still trying to weather that punch when surprise number two arrived.

Georgette suddenly received a phone call from a famous clothes designing group in Hollywood and left for the Coast without even picking up the phone to whisper good-by.

Cushing followed by plane. In Hollywood, at the end of another six weeks, he finally seemingly convinced her. They eloped to Las Vegas. But while he was telephoning to make arrangements for their wedding the pretty ex-model changed her mind and they returned to Hollywood.

In a few weeks both returned to New York. Cushing continued his wooing, though his friends shook their heads and thought it was a lost cause. When Georgette received another call to come to Hollywood Cushing again followed.

This time he must have been more convincing because only a few weeks ago they again went to Las Vegas and this time they were married.

Cushing has convinced his bride of something else, too. He has convinced her that she should give up her career as a stylist and make a home and raise a family.

So now there will be some red Midwest farm blood to mix with the blue blood of the Vanderbilts. All because Harry Cushing IV sleepily agreed to do a favor for a friend.

Redeemed by a Song

THE YEAR was 1909. George Whiting, a singing waiter at Mike's in the Bowery, a 25-year-old tyro who was later to become famous as a vaudeville entertainer, burst into a barber shop near his place of work.

There was no thought of a stage career in his mind then. He'd already written his first published song, "Every Little Bit Helps," with Fred Fischer of "Dardanella" fame. Tin Pan Alley loomed as a Utopian field.

Whiting tossed his hat on a hook and viewed the lone customer in the shop, a thin, dark lad stretched out full length for a shave.

No one knew Irving Berlin then, either. He'd published just one song, "Dorando," glorifying an Olympic runner in Italian dialect. He, like Whiting, was having trouble putting two nickels together.

Whiting sidled over to Berlin, grinning broadly, leaned down and whispered in his ear: "Irv, my wife's gone to the country, hurray!"

If someone had placed a time bomb under Berlin it could have had no greater effect. He leaped from the chair, dripping lather, and grabbed Whiting by the arms.

"George," he said, blowing the foam away from his lips, "you've hit it. That's a new song."

Without further ado Berlin and Whiting sat down and, on bits of paper fished from their pockets, finished the lyrics to a song that was soon to sweep the country. A half hour later they hot-footed it to the office of Ted Snyder, who supplied the music and rushed it into print.

If you were old enough to sing in that early year, at some time or other you reeled off the new Whiting-Berlin opus, the chorus of which went:

My wife's gone to the country, hurray, hurray!
She thought it best, I need a rest, that's why she went away;
She took the children with her, hurray, hurray!
I don't care what becomes of me, my wife's gone away! **

There were six verses, the last line of the chorus changing after each of the final four verses. After the fifth verse the last line of the chorus ran:

"I love my wife, but oh you kid, my wife's gone away!"*

Middle-aged married men got an extra-special kick out of it. Young bloods stole the "Oh you kid!" phrase from it, applying it indiscriminately to any passing girl. It was a gay, carefree challenge to the duller side of marriage.

There was no happier songwriter in America than Whiting. His second attempt, a smash hit, on everybody's lips! It never occurred to him that he and Berlin had erected a monument to the instability of the home. Whiting's awakening, a real nightmare that was to haunt and torture him for 18 years, was not long in coming.

Women's clubs and welfare organizations rose in mass to protest such a jocular insinuation that all was not right with marriage. Preachers criticized the song from the pulpit.

Petitions were circulated to have the song banned. When Whiting attempted to sing it in public he was booed by irate women. His pals jokingly called him the "home breaker."

All this, of course, added tremendously to the song's popularity... but it was like pushing a knife in Whiting's heart and twisting it.

At last, cornered by a group of outraged women, he solemnly promised:

"Ladies, I tell you what I'll do. I'll write a song to glorify the American home."

It was easier said than done. Berlin went on with song triumph after song triumph. Whiting tried again and again to pen a simple, tender song that would pay tribute to marital happiness. Again and again he failed.

In the years that followed he became famous, not as a songwriter, but as a vaudeville headliner. After being divorced from the inspiration of his first hit, he married Sadie Burt, his stage partner of "Whiting and Burt." It was a happy marriage. Two children arrived.

Most of the time, however, the Whitings were on the road. Whiting's desire to leave show business and settle down became a deep yearning.

Not long after the arrival of Patsy, his third child, Whiting decided to retire and write songs. He was making the Broadway rounds one day, telling of his plans, when a music publisher shoved him into a cubicle where sat Walter Donaldson, Tin Pan Alley immortal and author of a hundred hit songs. Donaldson was playing a catchy, wistful tune on the piano.

"He's been pounding out that tune for days," the publisher explained, "and nobody seems to have the words for it. See if you can help him."

Donaldson was unaware that he was to play an important role in the "regeneration" of Whiting. It was Donaldson's death last summer, four years after Whiting's death, that revived stories of their successful collaboration.

As Whiting listened to the haunting tune a great emotion swept him. "That's it!" he shouted. "That's what I've been waiting for!" And the words of "My Blue Heaven," one of the big hits of the past half century, fell into place. Within minutes, Whiting had finished the lyrics. Tenderly the chorus of "My Blue Heaven" goes:

When whip-poor-wills call and evening is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A turn to the right, a little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
Just Mollie and me, and baby make three.
We're happy in my blue heaven. †

Whiting's long search had ended. He never wrote another hit song. He didn't have to.

Just before his death in 1943, Whiting sang "My Blue Heaven" at a dinner and said afterwards: "I'd rather be remembered for this song than for anything else I ever did."—He is.

Wherever George Whiting Went the Grim Reminders of His Lyrical Faux Pas Made His Life Miserable. He Longed for the Day When He Could Wipe Out the Old Record.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

* Copyright, 1909, Irving Berlin. Copyright Renewed.

† Copyright, 1927, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by Special Permission Copyright Proprietor.

Rainbow

By John Dienhart & Gene Coughlin

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when The Man With the Whiskers—the United States Government—was the man who came to dinner where Chicago was concerned.

He stayed on and on, to help put Chicago's house in order. He put Al Capone in prison, along with others of his gang, because of income tax conspiracies, and Chicago was grateful.

Chicago, the sleeping giant, had been fettered by Lilliputians such as Capone, Jim Colosimo and Johnny Torrio.

Today, the sleeping giant is wide awake. The great city on the shore of Lake Michigan is taking the steps indicated by its new mayor, Martin Kennelly.

The steps lead toward the arch of the Rainbow Over Chicago; they lead, too, to an example for all communities that have been hampered by politics and corruption. The forces for good have cut the bonds knotted by the forces for evil.

The Man With the Whiskers is still welcome in Chicago, but his visits are not prolonged any more.

Chicago has not had a smallpox case reported in five years.

The last important visit by the Government of the United States had to do with Mike Potson, The Little Man Who Wasn't There during the Capone regime.

Mike had been there all the time, of course.

He was there at his peanut stand at the capital of Midnight Madness, 22d street and Wabash avenue, when his whistle first attracted the attention of Big Jim Colosimo.

Big Jim knew a good whistle when he heard it.

Colosimo was a street sweeper when he heard his first important whistle. That one came from Victoria Monesco, who invited him upstairs and gave him, through marriage, control of her four disorderly houses.

That was Colosimo's start as the vice, gambling, and murder king of the old Chicago. He imported Al Capone and Johnny Torrio from New York as his bodyguards. Torrio eventually went back, alive, to Brooklyn.

But Capone stayed with his boss. Matter of fact, he was with Big Jim when Colosimo died—shot in the back by Al Capone.

To get back to Mike Potson and his peanut whistle:

Colosimo listened again, and beckoned. He told Potson, fresh over from Greece, to unload the peanut wagon and join the Colosimo organization, as buyer for Colosimo's Restaurant at 2126 South Wabash avenue. Mike Potson did as told.

Illustrated by
W. C. GRIFFITH

over CHICAGO

Under Its Bright Arch, the Sleeping Giant Has Awakened and Thrown Off the Fetters That Bound It.

Big Jim Colosimo Knew a Good Whistle When He Heard It.

From Chicago's drinking water, a harmless germ has been isolated and made the base of a new drug, Aerosporin, said to be as good as penicillin and capable of destroying germs penicillin does not affect.

Potson, already up to 215 pounds, expanded once he got inside the famous restaurant. While Colosimo, Capone and Torrio cooked up their murderous schemes in the backroom, Mike told jokes to the patrons in front.

He told jokes to notables, including Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, then playing the Western Wheel of the burlesque circuit.

Mike Potson told jokes while he was playing cards with the famous comedians, it developed. Abbott and Costello laughed—and paid their gin rummy losses. When the comics got bigger, graduating into movies and radio, the losses got bigger.

They lost $85,000 to Mike Potson in less than two years, they told the government. That was when The Man With the Whiskers beckoned to The Little Man Who Wasn't There and said:

"Mike Potson, come forward!"

Mike Potson said he had made only $12,310 in 1940, and had paid the proper income tax of $844.58 on it, but the government figured his income for that year was $80,056.80. Totals for other years were not released, but they add up to something like $280,000. Which is why Mike is going to trial in Chicago.

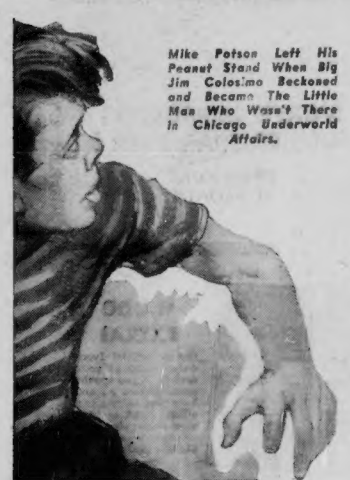
Chicago is at the intersection of the world's greatest inland system of navigable waterways.

The Little Man Who Wasn't There did recall he had played cards with Abbott and Costello; maybe he did win some money. He didn't care to discuss the $35,000 ranch, adjoining Abbott's place in the San Fernando valley. The government claims he won it in a game of gin rummy.

Potson disclaims any connection with the Capone Syndicate, declaring he was not there when mobsters needed quick money for traveling purposes, and were supposedly referred to Mike. He intends to stay in Chicago, unless the jury has other plans, and that brings up one of the problems Mayor Martin Kennelly and his new system of Community Government must solve.

Certain directors of the syndicate think they are solidly entrenched in Chicago, via real estate holdings and enterprises that look legitimate. Their false fronts must be exposed as such, and destroyed. The new mayor is putting in a 12-hour office day to take care of that and other situations.

He usually arrives at 8:20 in the morning. Some of the city councilmen—the men who formerly showed up one day out of the week—stage races now to see whether they can beat him. When one succeeds, he marks a card for himself and rushes it to the mayor's office, like a kid giving an apple to the teacher.



Mike Potson Left His Peanut Stand When Big Jim Colosimo Beckoned and Became The Little Man Who Wasn't There in Chicago Underworld Affairs.

Chicago's new mayor is not, and can never be, a practical politician. His first week in office, while he was looking over the payroll, he noticed one official who was being paid $10,000 a year.

"Who is he?" Kennelly wanted to know. "I haven't seen him since I've been here."

"Well, uh, Mr. Mayor, he doesn't come in often," an old timer tried to explain. "He delivers a ward for us."

Kennelly's blue eyes became frosty.

"The citizens of Chicago deliver the wards for anybody, Democrat or Republican," he said. "I want him down here—and working."

The $10,000 a year man is now working.

Chicago is the safest place in America for a baby to be born.

Kennelly, who has no political ambitions where the nation is concerned, was an honored guest at the annual dinner of The Gridiron Club, sponsored by the newspapermen in Washington, D. C.

He took it in good natured stride. While he was talking to Senator Taft somebody nudged him and said:

"Harry wonders if you would have a word with him."

"Sure," Martin Kennelly said. "But who is Harry?"

"He's the President."

"Oh! Well, sure."

What President Truman said that night to the mayor of Chicago will never become public property but, in time, it might concern the United States.

Colonel Jack Arvey, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee and the man who finally persuaded Kennelly to run for mayor, gave the clearest picture of the man's character.

Chicago industry and business provide jobs for 2,070,000 men and women.

"The Democrats had lost the county offices to the Republicans last November," Arvey said. "We had to have the best man possible to run for mayor of Chicago and it was Ed Kelly, the incumbent, who asked me to try and get Martin Kennelly to run.

"It was a tough job to get him to say yes. He didn't need money; he didn't like politics. He consented after telling me that no one, including the Democratic organization, could expect favors from him. We went to work on the campaign.

"One of the things we concentrated on was a pamphlet in which we reproduced newspaper headlines boosting Kennelly on his record as a citizen and civic leader. One of the headlines said his Republican opponent, Russell Root, was a stooge; the store window for people who would actually run Chicago.

"We printed the pamphlets by the hundreds of thousands. We sent them out to all the wards —and Martin Kennelly happened to see one of them."

What happened then gave the organization a financial headache.

Kennelly demanded that all of the pamphlets be withdrawn and destroyed, with the simple explanation:

"I will not be a party to such a campaign."

The committee destroyed the pamphlets, which had cost $60,000, and decided all was lost. But Martin Kennelly went on to win by the overwhelming majority of 250,000 votes, many of them Republican votes.

Chicago is the world's greatest grain market. Where Europe and China are concerned, it is the breadbasket of the world when food is desperately needed.

As far as political connections are concerned, Martin Kennelly is non-partisan. He has drafted everybody, from bank presidents to street sweepers, and put them to work on the job of making the city cleaner, happier, and more prosperous.

At the railroad stations and the airports gangsters on the way out meet industrial leaders on the way in. In the field of radio, plastics, electronics and steel it has no equal.

Chicago keeps on producing without industrial friction, thanks to its administration and the Chicago Committee for Mutual Cooperation.

This committee is made up of such men as Victor Olander, secretary of the state American Federation of Labor; William E. McFetridge, president of Building Service International Union and vice president of the National AFL, and William A. Lee, president of the Central Trades and Labor Council, AFL.

It includes Michael Mann, secretary of the CIO council; Joseph Germano, president of Illinois state CIO, and Maurice McElligott, state secretary of the CIO. Among them, they anticipate friction before it burns the industrial bearings.

Chicago is the largest center in the world for the distribution of fresh fruits, vegetables, poultry, butter, eggs and cheese.

Chicago's industrial, financial and civic leaders will work with labor leaders on the Committee for Mutual Cooperation.

As this is written, Mayor Kennelly is interviewing possible members to round out the committee. He has found most of them opening the interview with the statement:

"I don't want to be on an arbitration board."

Then they have to be reassured that there is nothing to arbitrate; that the word "arbitration" is rusty from disuse in Chicago. The phrase Community Cooperation has taken its place and the committee is to function before there is any need to arbitrate.

A few weeks ago the police chief of Brussels visited John C. Prendergast, Chicago's commissioner of police, and asked how a city so large and with such a mixture of races and creeds managed to avoid the hatreds common to European cities. Prendergast told him:

"I was born here in a block where the people were English, Swedish, Norwegian, Scotch, Bohemian, Irish and Jewish. We never asked anybody where they went to church, or how they voted.

"We just knew they were good neighbors. That's Chicago—full of good neighbors, and they're getting better all the time. I'm no good at preaching, but I don't know why any community couldn't do the same thing we're doing. Live together, work together, and go ahead together. But you have to have the right boss. Like Mayor Martin Kennelly."

Thus, Chicago marches on, under the arch of The Rainbow that means the bad days of crime and corruption have been swept away, like the perennial dirt that used to be on its streets and in the thrones of the mighty.

Come on Everybody! IVORY'S AWARDING $69,000.00 IN PRIZES!

GRAND PRIZE $5,000 EVERY YEAR FOR 5 YEARS!

5 WEEKLY CONTESTS

Want to live on Easy Street?

Then enter this contest *now!* Just think what the grand prize could mean to *you!* 5,000 dollars every single year for 5 glorious years! What couldn't you do with that! Boy, oh boy! Say it over and over to yourself —$5,000 every year for 5 years! That's the grand prize—but *only* one prize! Read the list of prizes at the right—awarded every week for 5 tremendous weeks!

THESE PRIZES EVERY WEEK . . . 1,057 BIG PRIZES IN ALL!

ONE CRISP $1,000 BILL

There's a first prize each week of $1,000. That means a total of five winners of weekly first prizes—each awarded a crisp $1,000 bill!

TEN PRIZES OF $250.00 EACH

Ten happy people every week will get a $250.00 prize. Fifty $250.00 prizes in all—maybe one for you!

200 SETS OF 6 SHEETS AND 6 PILLOW-CASES

Smoothly woven, famous Dan River fabric—noted for comfort and durability. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping! 6 sheets, 6 pillow-cases to each winner!

Here's all you do →

HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER? Win $5,000 every year for 5 years!

THESE EXAMPLES MAY HELP YOU WRITE A WINNER!

"You bet! I like improved Ivory because its faster suds give me one more reason for being enthusiastic about Ivory—for my baby's tender skin and my own complexion."

"You bet! I like improved Ivory because I have always loved Ivory's purity and mildness for my face, hands and for my dishes—and now I get even faster, richer suds!"

Baby's Ivory has everybody excited!

The most famous soap in the world is improved! Ivory's sudsier than ever! You can see for yourself how important that is! Just *see* those suds—for bathing baby, for pampering your complexion, for washing dishes and protecting your hands. Heaps and heaps of suds! And Ivory makes those pure, mild suds faster now. They're richer, longer-lasting suds! It's easy to write about them in this exciting, richly rewarding contest. Don't wait . . . try better-than-ever Ivory . . . then start writing!

IVORY'S IMPROVED! SUDSIER THAN EVER!

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Simply complete the statement, "You bet! I like improved Ivory because . . ."in 25 additional words or less. Write on entry blank obtainable at your dealer's or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly.

2. Mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. R, Box 2178, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. You may enter the contests as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by the wrappers (or facsimiles) from one Large cake and one Medium cake of Ivory Soap.

3. The prizes in each weekly contest will be: one first prize of $1,000 cash; 10 second prizes of $250 each; 200 third prizes of 6 sheets and 6 pillow-cases each. The winner of the grand prize of $5,000 a year for 5 years ($25,000 in all) will be selected from the winners of the *first* prizes in the five weekly contests. The *grand* prize winner will receive $1,000 cash *extra* if the winning entry is submitted (a) on an entry blank obtained from a dealer or (b) on a sheet of paper on which an Ivory Soap dealer has signed his name and address.

4. There will be 5 weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest	NOW	Sat., Oct. 4
2nd Contest	Sun., Oct. 5	Sat., Oct. 11
3rd Contest	Sun., Oct. 12	Sat., Oct. 18
4th Contest	Sun., Oct. 19	Sat., Oct. 25
5th Contest	Sun., Oct. 26	Sat., Nov. 1

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, Oct. 4, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, Nov. 1 and received by Nov. 15, 1947.

6. Entries will be judged on originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

7. Any resident of the United States may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal and State regulations.

8. The grand prize winner's name will be announced shortly after the close of the last contest over Ivory Soap's radio program: "The Right to Happiness." Names of the principal winners will be published in The American Weekly. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

$1,000 EXTRA!

Get an official Ivory entry blank at your dealer's. If you win the grand prize . . . and have your entry on an official blank *or* have your dealer sign your entry—you'll get $1,000 extra!

Glamour Girls of Mercy

By Robert W. Marks

"I JUST want to tell you that Jessie Reed is dangerously ill. She needs help—quickly." This was the dramatic message long-distanced from Chicago one afternoon to Helen Gates, treasurer of the Ziegfeld Club.

Miss Gates called Gladys Feldman Braham, the Club's president. "Jessie needs help."

Within an hour the long-distance lines were buzzing. Former Ziegfeld beauties who lived in Chicago rushed to Jessie's bedside. They found her on the point of death—penniless.

Funds were immediately made available. The best medical care that could be had was given her; two trained nurses were on duty night and day; more than 25 blood transfusions were paid for by the Club.

A few months later, another Ziegfeld girl was in trouble. Fortunately, perhaps, she no longer could know of it; she was dead.

In her handbag was 15 cents. The Club saw to it that she was buried—not in potter's field but among friends in the Club's private plot.

This is the story of an organization which began as a press agent's stunt and continued as one of the warmest and most useful welfare groups in the country.

One day in 1935, publicity man Bernard Sobol had a keen idea. The motion picture, "The Great Ziegfeld," was about to be launched.

"Why not," said Sobol, "get together as many of the former Ziegfeld beauties as possible? We can call them 'The Ziegfeld Club'—and have them all attend the opening."

The glamorized alumnae came together. Old friendships were renewed. But the girls found, after their meeting, that many of their old friends had run into hard times.

Others needed tiding over until new breaks came. The stunt flowered: it became an institution. The girls organized, elected officers, rented meeting quarters, and harnessed brains and energy to their hearts.

As a result, if an ex-Ziegfeld girl now needs help, it is rushed to her within six hours—with no questions asked. Nor does she have to be a Ziegfeld graduate: the Club is open to any girl who is or has been on the stage, or in the movies or radio.

There are now more than 200 girls in the New York section of the Club. Dues are $5 a year. The Club maintains 37 doctors on its medical panel. Girls who need hospital care are sent to the Isabella Home at 192nd St. and Amsterdam Ave., New York.

In the short while that it has been in existence, the Club has been able to help hundreds of girls who have been hit by hard times. More than 50 girls who were completely down and out were made self-supporting.

It has buried in a special section of the Actor's Fund Cemetery on Long Island 11 girls who might otherwise have been sent to potter's field.

Almost all of the Club's social service work is cloaked in strict, ethical secrecy.

The Club's funds are mainly raised by an annual dinner and dance held the second week in November on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Another source of income is the Gertrude Vanderbilt Treasure Chest. Each year merchants donate articles which are placed in a large chest.

Keys to the chest are sold to the public and whoever buys a key can open the chest and help himself to one article.

More than 2,500 girls are graduates of the shows staged by Ziegfeld in the era which began in 1907 and continued through 1932. These girls are now scattered throughout the country. They include famous stage and screen stars, well-known socialites, and women successful in professions removed from show business.

Mrs. Barbara Hamilton Sarnoff, wife of the millionaire hat manufacturer, recently formed the first Boston chapter of a "Ziegfeld Club of America." The president of the new group is Betty Dair Heller, of Brookline, wife of a wealthy real estate owner.

Among other Ziegfeld girls now prominent in professional and business life are Ina Claire, Vivienne Segal, Paulette Goddard, Irene Dunne, Myrna Loy, and Virginia Bruce of the movies—as well as Billie Burke, the Club's honorary president.

Claire Luce, who was one of Ziegfeld's feature dancers, has become an outstanding dramatic actress. She is the only American to be starred in the feminine lead roles at the Shakespeare Memorial Festival, at Stratford-on-Avon.

Fannie Brice is now best known as Radio's "Baby Snooks." Sophie Tucker, another former Ziegfeld headliner, at 60 or more, is packing crowds into night clubs.

On the side she finances charities of her own, including the Sophie Tucker Playground and Camp Fund.

There are writers, too, among the Ziegfeld girls. Gypsy Rose Lee, who played in the movie version of the Follies, likes to be known as the author of two murder mysteries. Dorothy Wegman, who married the playwright, Sampson Raphaelson, wrote a novel called "Glorified," a book about Follies life. Another book about the Follies is "The Ziegfeld Girl," by the former Follies beauty, Betty MacDonald.

Some of the Ziegfeld girls became the wives of writers. Gladys Glad is the wife of Mark Hellinger, movie producer. Louise Andrews married columnist Arthur "Bugs" Baer.

Ziegfeld beauties also have made successes in business undertakings. Irene Hayes, for example, is now a successful Park Avenue florist. Gertrude Vanderbilt was at one time on the executive staff of a tobacco company.

She now has an advertising agency of her own. Beverly Juneau is head of a ticket agency. Irene and Cora Stephens have their ticket agency on Madison Avenue.

Gladys Glad Forsook the Stage to Wed Mark Hellinger, Columnist and Screen Writer.

Paulette Goddard —a Ziegfeld Graduate Who Made Good in Hollywood.

Claire Luce, Now Starred in Dramatic Roles, Once Danced for Ziegfeld.

Diosa Costello—She's Just a Simple, Old-Fashioned Girl Who Takes Her Nieces to Coney Island and Wants to Settle Down and Raise a Family

PERSISTENT SHADOW OF *Van Johnson*

By Irving Johnson

DIOSA COSTELLO adores her husband and says he's the only man in the world for her. She loves him so much, she says, she's suing him for a separation.

Another reason for her suit is Van Johnson, whom she doesn't love at all.

Dancing Diosa did love Van once and was going to marry him. Then Pupi Campo, the rhumba band leader, came along and she forsook the movie star for the bandsman.

They've been married six years now and Pupi has never been able to get Van off his mind. His jealous outbursts, explains the dancer, led finally to her decision to go to court.

Diosa says she really doesn't want the separation to last. She only hopes it will bring Pupi to his senses —and back to her for good.

"I hope," she says, "that when we are separated he will realize that I am more important than his work, or equally so. If he does, we may get together. If not, it's the end."

The Puerto Rican dancing dynamo's complaint against her beloved Pupi was filed in the Supreme Court in New York, where she is performing in a popular after dark oasis.

It reveals the little known and now dead romance with Van Johnson and recites Pupi's jealous accusations from the time of their marriage.

Diosa says she met Van early in 1941 when both were playing in "Too Many Girls" and the future darling of the bobby-soxers was dreaming of leading his own band. Everybody in the show wanted to date him and Diosa did—"seeing how his popularity was a sort of challenge to me."

She was doubling at a night club at the time and says Virginia Hill, in whose Beverly Hills, Cal., home gangster Bugsy Siegel was slain, thought it would be fun to give an engagement party for her and Van.

Van arrived wearing a rough plaid shirt with the tail hanging out and no tie and the music was played by a new band just in from Havana.

The leader was a skinny little fellow named Pupi Campo.

"I didn't notice him much at first," Diosa recalls, "but he chose that night to pay a lot of attention to me. He asserted himself that night and even more later, but I had only a motherly interest in him.

"Then, pouf, just like that, my interest shifted. Van faded out of the picture for me. I was hopelessly in love with Pupi and we were married in May, 1941, a few months after the engagement party."

Diosa says Pupi danced with her and sent flowers daily while Van was busy making pictures. She was entranced when Pupi played "Que Pasa?" for her and whispered the phrase (que pasa means what happens) while they rhumbaed.

"Que Pasa?" was one of the songs he made popular and he kept asking her, "Que pasa with you and me?"

Then they were married and he changed the words. Now, according to Diosa, and for six long years the question has been, "Que pasa with you and Van?"

"You know," observes Diosa, "when a Latin is jealous he's really jealous. As Van kept rising in the world, Pupi had the feeling I must still be in love with him.

"I kept telling him how ridiculous it was, because if I had wanted to marry Van I would have done so. I told Pupi I chose him because I loved him. But he wasn't convinced."

Diosa says Pupi was forever reminding her and others that she was once engaged to the movie idol and suggesting that perhaps she was still in love with him.

"It was awful. I couldn't reason with him. When I bought a house for my family in Brentwood, Cal., Pupi said I did it to be near Van. Always it was Van. What a headache!"

She never saw a Van Johnson movie, says Diosa, in all the years she was married to Pupi—and she only met Van on one occasion.

"We had a very pleasant chat," she says. "He asked me about my marriage and I told him I was crazy about Pupi. A little later, Van married Mrs. Keenan Wynn."

For all her supple swaying on the stage, Diosa declares she's just a simple, old-fashioned girl who takes her nieces to Coney Island and prefers to settle down and raise a family.

"No, no," she exclaims, "my show is not what I am."

As for comparisons between Pupi and Van, as seen through Diosa's discerning eyes:

"Van is six foot two and well built. Pupi is five-10 and on the skinny side. But Pupi has so much personality and life that to me he was always better looking than Van.

"Van is cold and lets nothing in the world interfere with his afternoon nap. Everything must be just so, punctual, to the minute. Pupi is full of life and fun.

"Pupi is warm, full of ardor, keen, always on the go. Van is slow and easy going. He never gets under your skin the way Pupi does.

"Van is terribly serious. Pupi is full of practical jokes and humor."

Diosa finds Pupi's vaulting ambition a shortcoming—"He's got a lot of talent and wants to get to the top. His work counts for everything, day and night. He won't have me with his band even for $25 a week (Diosa gets $2500 now). At first I was everything.

"Now it's his band."

So Diosa is asking the courts for a separation she doesn't want and posing an old familiar question:

Que pasa next?

Illustrated by
JMES H. McCARTHY

For a Modest Fee, the Wedding Specialist Offers a Complete Wedding, Including a Bridal Gown and Veil, Wedding Cake, Invitations, Ornaments, Dinner and Even Tips.

Packaged WEDDINGS

By Ursula Trow

"I'VE always wanted a wedding with all the trimmings, but with today's prices what they are, I'll have to settle for City Hall."

The bride-to-be in New York City who feels that way evidently hasn't heard of "Weddings by Calla." Calla is Mrs. Calla Caroe, a small energetic, resourceful woman, who specializes in budget weddings.

For $195 Mrs. Caroe will stage a complete and pleasing wedding. She'll supply the gown and veil—she can get them wholesale for less than the bride is able to buy them herself - $29.75 for the dress; $16.75 for the veil and they're the bride's to keep.

She'll take care of ordering the wedding cake and ornaments; and her price includes candid photographs, the invitation and reception cards, tax, tips and dinner for 30 guests.

Calla Caroe says she manages eight to ten weddings a week. She has been doing this sort of thing for four or five years and likes the work. Most of her clientele are working girls with moderate incomes.

Some girls, she says with a wry smile, come back two and three times to have her arrange their weddings.

Marguerite Bentley provides a similar service for Philadelphians. She calls herself a Bridal Secretariat. She has seen 1,500 brides to the altar, some for as little as $150.

For that amount the bride-to-be can have a small home wedding or one in a tiny chapel; 50 guests; a wine punch and sandwiches; and two attendants. And since flowers are inordinately high today, she would have to be content with a couple of vases on the altar and at home.

But even with the utmost economy $150 is pretty skimpy working capital even for a secretariat and there are bound to be last-minute extras, such as bouquets and presents for the bridesmaids and hiring a car in which to drive to church.

Given a little more financial leeway—say $1,500 to $2,000—Mrs. Bentley can really indulge her managerial capabilities. The bride may have a half dozen attendants for that price.

She may be surrounded by floral decorations. Two to three hundred guests may toast the newlyweds with brandy punch and everyone may stay for tea or dinner or supper. The gown is something to behold—as it should be for $75 to $100 plus.

The most elaborate wedding ever engineered by Mrs. Bentley was for a Main Line socialite bride who spent $2000 on lingerie alone. The whole wedding cost $15,000.

There were 1000 guests, a special dance floor and marquee erected in the garden; a very elaborate bride's table and detectives to guard the wedding gifts; champagne and flowers in profusion; and a special parking system for guest cars—men equipped with microphones to deliver the right car to the right guest pronto.

As bridal secretariat, Mrs. Bentley has to be everywhere at once, her eyes on everyone and everything. Not even a Main Line millionairess with a personal maid and a bevy of brides maids in attendance can be trusted to dress properly for her own wedding, she says.

One bride recently walked down the aisle in fluffy white fur bedroom slippers—had forgotten about shoes in the flurry. Another forgot to wear her crinoline petticoat under what was supposed to be a bouffant wedding gown.

Many Chicago brides put the responsibility of their wedding preparations on the capable shoulders of Mrs. Nellie A. Hanna, who contends that the cost of weddings is no more than it was before the war.

"Just make up your mind how much you want to spend and make it do," she says.

Mrs. Hanna's bridal business is an outgrowth of her women's apparel business. Arranging weddings somehow went with providing gowns for the bride and bridesmaids. She charges no fee for the wedding plans - still derives her profit from outfitting the women members of the party.

Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Caroe run weddings on a commission basis which is included in the over-all price.

Being experts on weddings, they like to shatter several popular notions. For one thing, it's more often the groom who changes his mind at the last moment, not the bride.

June is no longer the most popular wedding month. It shares honors with May and September, though many of last year's 2,300,000 brides broke all tradition and married when they felt like it.

One of New York's specialty shops for women makes its contribution to trousseau planners by packaging bridal lingerie and sending it anywhere in the world. The packaged daintees come in selections costing $75 and up.

Just in case you know a bride who wants to spend $200 for unmentionables, here's what she'd get: nine slips, six nightgowns, six pairs of panties, three negligees and a bed jacket. A pair of lace-trimmed blue garters are included free, for luck.

What about the bridegroom? He can always rent a tuxedo. But suppose the party gets rough and someone spills punch over his shirt front? That's exactly what happened to one unhappy groom recently.' He went back to the loan shop expecting to have to make good for the stiff shirt he'd rented.

"Forget it," said the shopkeeper as he tore the shirt front into bits and set fire to it. It had been made of glazed paper.

Little Maria's MARTYRDOM

By Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J.

Moderator, Catholic Evidence Guild, N. Y.

Illustrated by ROBERT CROWTHER

A FRAIL little woman of 80, one of 25,000 who gathered under the dome of St. Peter's in Rome recently to witness a beatification, arose slowly while the impressive ceremonies were still going on.

Supported by her two living daughters, Mrs. Assunta Goretti was led within the sanctuary. There she chatted quietly with the Pope about a little girl, Maria, whom he had just declared "Blessed"—or, according to Catholic belief, declared to be in heaven.

Cardinals and other church dignitaries waited patiently for her to finish her audience, for she was Maria's mother, the only mother in the history of the church to be present in St. Peter's at her child's beatification.

She and a man who was not present, except, perhaps, in spirit, could remember clearly the day 45 years before when 12-year-old Maria had fought to the death to preserve her purity, and, by her valor, had inspired so many other girls that no honor was considered too great for her.

Three years before her tragic death, Maria's family had moved to Ferriere di Conca, a squalid suburb of Rome, where the soil was so poor that endless hours of back-breaking work were necessary to eke out a bare subsistence. The Gorettis moved in with another family, the Serenellis. They shared the same rickety house and worked the same unproductive farm.

There were three Serenellis—John, a widower; Gasper, his brother, and Alessandro, his son. The Gorettis were nine—father, mother and seven children. Maria's father soon succumbed to malaria, leaving his family to carry on as best it might. There seemed to be no course except to stay on with the Serenellis, although Mrs. Goretti, noted for her piety, didn't like the arrangement.

Alessandro was two years older than Maria. He was a wild boy who worked as little as possible and spent as much time as he could with a group of unsavory companions.

By the time he was 14 he had acquired an almost uncontrollable passion for Maria. Time and again he made advances to her but she rejected them firmly. He even tried to overcome her by force, but she fought him off. He threatened her with death if she told anyone. Maria wasn't afraid of death, but she kept her troubles to herself because she didn't want to worry her already overburdened mother.

On the afternoon of July 2, 1902, both families were working in the fields except Maria and a young brother who had been left in her charge.

Maria Appeared to Him Repeatedly in His Dreams, Said Alessandro, Offering Him Lilies.

Alessandro, who was driving a team of oxen, stopped them suddenly and turned the reins over to Mrs. Goretti. He muttered something about having to get a tool and started for the house.

There he asked Maria to come at once to his room to mend his torn shirt. Unsuspecting, she followed him. When she entered the room he slammed and bolted the door and tried again to overpower her. Maria, who was small but strong, fought courageously and successfully. Finally the frustrated and enraged youth picked up a crude blunt knife and plunged it repeatedly into her body. She fell to the floor.

"I was beyond all feeling," he said later. "I hacked at her like I would hack a block of wood."

He thought she was dead and started to run away, but when he heard her cry for help he returned and resumed the stabbing. The knife pierced her 14 times.

Maria was still alive when her mother returned from the fields. She died 24 hours later in a hospital.

On her deathbed she received her first Holy Communion and fulfilled a long-cherished wish of becoming a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, a world-wide group especially devoted to Mary the Mother of Christ.

Just before she died, Maria told the priest:

"Yes, I forgive Alessandro. In Heaven I'll pray for his conversion."

Then, remembering the words of Christ on the Cross, she added:

"I, too, want him to be with me in Paradise."

Alessandro was tried, convicted and sentenced to 27 years in prison. He entered as a defiant youth, cursing his jailors and vowing vengeance, but he left as a prematurely old man, repentant and remorseful.

His change of heart, he said, was due principally to Maria herself. She appeared to him repeatedly in a dream, offering him lilies—the symbol of chaste living—and saying: "Take them, take them."

Alessandro was the principal witness in Maria's behalf during the long investigation that preceded the beatification. He hung his head as he repeated the details of his crime, but he held nothing back.

"At least," he said, "I owe her that much."

When the moist-eyed thousands gathered at the cathedral to honor the girl he had slain, Alessandro was far away in the monastery to which he had retreated to work as a hired man after his release from prison. Perhaps he thought again of the lilies that Maria offered him in his dreams. They seemed much nearer now.

SAVE YOUR HANDS AND PENNIES TOO!

let Chiffon do all your dishes

1 ● **Sparkling dishes in no time?** Chiffon is *your* choice! Those rich, thick, split-second suds get dishes gleaming—get *you* out of the kitchen lots sooner.

2 ● **You do save money** . . . with Chiffon for dishes and the lovely things you want to keep lovely. Chiffon costs less per box—and washes more things cleaner!

3 ● **Your hands stay lovely**—even when you wash dishes 3 times a day in Chiffon. For what could be *gentler, kinder* to your skin than pure, *all* pure soap!

A product of Armour and Company

No purer soap was ever made!

FUN! LAUGHS! PRIZES *Tune in* **HINT HUNT** *every afternoon, Monday through Friday, over your C.B.S. station.*

FIGHTING DISEASE with HISTAMINE

By Morris Fishbein, M.D.

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

THE announcement of what may well be a most important medical discovery—a treatment for improving the circulation of blood, by releasing "Histamine" within the body has just come from the Wadsworth General Hospital of the Veterans Administration Center in Los Angeles.

The physicians who have made a preliminary report of this discovery, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, are Drs. Zolton T. Wirtschafter and Rudolph Widmann, who have been able—because of the new methods of conducting veterans hospitals under Generals Omar Nelson Bradley and Paul Ramsey Hawley—to avail themselves of the advice and help of some of the leading physicians and medical investigators in Southern California.

The technique which they have developed may be a most important method for the treatment of peripheral vascular diseases—that is, conditions affecting blood vessels in the arms and legs.

It may also be helpful in the treatment of coronary thrombosis and angina pectoris (heart diseases) and some forms of kidney disease and even some unsolved conditions affecting the nervous system.

Already Histamine, the material of basic importance in this work, has offered promise in the treatment of coronary thrombosis.

Certain forms of the inflammation of the blood vessels interfere seriously with the circulation of blood. What is called Buerger's Disease (also, thrombo-angiitis obliterans) is one of these conditions. Other maladies involve inflammations of the linings of the arteries which can completely block the flow of blood.

One of the worst effects of Buerger's Disease is the interference with the circulation of blood in the feet, so great that the feet become bitter cold. The legs become black, shriveled and hard—resembling those of a mummy.

In such cases, in Los Angeles, the administration of the new treatment produced immediately a favorable change. Dr. Roger O. Egebert, of the Wadsworth General Hospital, describes what happened in three cases.

"On the basis of earlier knowledge," he says, "the toes of three of the patients would have been considered dead. They were tar black, shriveled, hard and immovable."

Following the treatment, the toes were filled out, supple, pale pink and the patients could bend them.

The relief of pain was as dramatic as the improvement in appearance. One patient who had blocking of the blood vessel at the back of the knee had been in constant pain for two months, even while receiving regular injections of narcotics. But within eight hours after the new treatment he did not need any further narcotics.

In all three cases cold feet became warm, blueness of the feet (in two of the cases) disappeared and the passing away of pain was dramatic.

In one case, the patient with the disease in the back of the knee, gangrene had started in three toes, which couldn't be moved. One month later the entire great toe and the tips of the second and third toes were like parchment.

The doctors were thinking of amputation of the foot.

As Dr. Robert Mazet, Jr., of the staff, says, the treatment restored the color of the skin and the texture of the foot to normal.

A German investigator had reported that a food substance, an amino acid called Histidine, could be changed into Histamine by the action of ascorbic acid, pure vitamin C. So the Los Angeles doctors developed a method of producing Histamine within the body.

First, they gave a patient 500 milligrams of sodium ascorbate (a form of vitamin C) by direct injection into the veins. Then they injected Histidine—a solution of Histidine monohydrochloride—directly into the muscles. On the opposite side of the body they injected 100 milligrams of vitamin C—sodium ascorbate—under the skin.

Thereafter these two substances (Histidine and vitamin C) were injected—one intramuscularly and the other under the skin—every four, six, eight or 12 hours, depending upon the severity of the disease.

In addition all of the patients received 600 milligrams of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) by mouth every day. The reactions, between Histidine and the vitamin, taking place in the blood permitted a gradual release of Histamine—the substance that dilates the blood vessels.

All the 11 patients mentioned in the doctors' first report responded favorably to the treatment; the relief of intractable pain occurred within six hours to three days after the therapy was begun. Gradually the function, the ability to use the legs, returned, but sensation, ability to feel, has been slow in returning. The areas which had begun to be affected by gangrene improved.

The chemical reactions in the human body go on constantly. They are complicated beyond the point of understanding by anyone without a tremendous knowledge of a variety of sciences. But we know that among the most amazing of all of the substances in the human body as a controlling factor of the way we live is Histamine. The significance of Histamine is certainly as great as, if not greater than, that of vitamins.

Histamine is widespread in the human body. When the germs of the colon (intestine) act on Histidine, one of the amino acids, of which the food proteins are made, they produce Histamine. However, the chemical can be formed in other ways. In the human blood there is a very small normal amount of it.

Histamine is involved in many types of reddening or eruptions of the skin. It also affects the blood vessels below the surface of the body. As a result of the new knowledge of this substance, science has recently made several extraordinary advances towards the control of certain diseases.

For instance, hay fever, asthma, skin eruptions associated with sensitivity to food and similar conditions may now be controlled to a considerable extent by the use of drugs that reduce the amount of Histamine in the body.

On the other hand, there are conditions—such as investigated and treated by Drs. Wirtschafter and Widmann—in which Histamine is more definitely needed in order to encourage dilation of the capillary blood vessels and of the larger arterioles. If the work of the Los Angeles doctors is confirmed, as it seems likely to be, the new methods of administration will have justified themselves enormously.

For Icy Feet When You Come In From Skating, the Old Home Remedy Still May Be Good, but Scientists Have Just Demonstrated That Long-Chilled Extremities Due to Disease Can Best Be Warmed by a Series of Injections Into Veins and Muscles.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

So easily yours, too . . . this fragrant appeal of so many popular girls

You have never had happier advice than this. Surround yourself with the subtle, heart-quickening *fragrance men love* . . . the *enticing* fragrance Cashmere Bouquet Soap imparts to your skin. It comes from the secret wedding of perfumes so rare and costly you would never expect to find them in any soap. For seventy-eight romantic years popular girls have preferred Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Bathe with it every day and let Cashmere Bouquet Soap make *you* always more subtly alluring. It's wonderful for your complexion, too!

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love—

Cashmere Bouquet

When Chickasaw Was Offered at Auction There Were No Bidders. Her Son, Clang, Born Later, Set a World's Record for Six Furlongs.

By Horace Wade

MUTUEL windows at the nation's race tracks are not the only places where a lucky horse fancier can come up with a 100-to-1 shot or better.

The men who own and run horses for fun or money are also engaged in a daily gamble and odds against them are many times higher.

Their betting places are the yearling sales rings and the claiming boxes, where fortunes have been made from a modest investment.

A classic example is Hirsch Jacobs' handicap star, Stymie, which was dropped into a cheap claiming race as a two-year-old. Jacobs snapped up the bargain and Stymie has won more than $700,000 in purses.

"I figured him useful around the $1,500 level, where I got him," concedes Hirsch. "He surprised me no end as he became one of the great horses of the day."

There's an old expression on the turf which rings as true today as in the beginnings of that equine trinity, Herod, Matchem and Eclipse, from which all modern thoroughbreds spring.

It is "never give up on a thoroughbred." Seabiscuit, which sat atop the throne for a brief period as leading money-winner of all time, cost owner Charles S. Howard a comparatively paltry $8,000. For his new master he picked up some $400,000 in purse winnings.

Turf history records another castoff which had an humble origin. His name is Top Row.

If ever a horse was born on the wrong side of the tracks it was this fellow. His sire, Peanuts, brought but $2,100.

His dam, Too High, was finally sold for a few hundred dollars to Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart.

As a colt, Top Row was claimed at Narragansett Park for $3,500. Under the wing of his new owner, A. A. Baroni, he won the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, among other outstanding victories, and set a new world's speed mark for the mile and a sixteenth route.

Roman Soldier, as a yearling, also was an ugly duckling. He was held for the fall auctions at Lexington where he was bought for $1,000.

He scampered home in front in four races, but showed little to distinguish his running.

His trainer, Max Hirsch (who subsequently lost Stymie for $1,500) decided to dispose of him.

Elwood Sachsenmaier paid $7,500 for the colt, after which Roman Soldier won $91,935 in his third year.

You can go back a few years to find instances of other horses which rose from the ranks. Abe Frank achieved some little notoriety as the "artificial horse" of his time, due to the fact that his dam had been artificially impregnated.

He was so small he was given away as a yearling, yet went on to win eight stake races in a row.

Hamburg Belle, which continues to rank as one of the best mares of all time, was another undersized youngster offered for sale as a two-year-old for $1,500.

DOWN from Canada came another rejected stone named Stand Pat, sold as a yearling for $500. As a two-year-old he started 13 times and failed to scent the money; as a three-year-old, out of 10 starts he won only once.

For a while he disappeared, to return in the silks of Edward F. Seagram. In new colors he won $50,000 that year.

Rushaway is another horse who belongs with these. The late Joseph E. Widener bred this one. Placed on the block, he was purchased by Al G. Tarn and won many a race.

Rushaway achieved his greatest fame, however, through a rare "believe it or not" of the turf. Entered in the Aurora Derby in Illinois he won a mile and an eighth in 1:50 4-5, was loaded in a van and shipped to Latonia. The next afternoon, he spread-eagled a field to race a mile and a quarter in 2:02 3-5 in the Latonia Derby.

Salamander was hawked about from one Eng-

Golden Ugly Ducklings

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

lish country fair to another until bought for 35 pounds. Put to steeplechasing, he developed into one of the most famous jumpers of all time, winning the Grand National and 30,000 pounds for his owner.

Hirsch Jacobs, who developed Stymie, has had experience with other rejected stones. Few will ever forget Action.

At the age of seven, and rated "second-hand goods," he was dropped down into a $1,000 claiming race, at which price Jacobs decided to take him under his wing.

FROM that day on he was a different horse. Thirteen times he started for his new owner that year, and 11 times he came home on the chinstrap, his earnings topping $20,000.

Clang was the son of Chickasaw, who had twice been barren, and on her third try she had a worthless foal. Decision was made to sell her at the dispersal sale of the Marshall Field stock. The auctioneer pleaded:

"...the great mare, Chickasaw, a daughter of Chicle. In foal to Supremus. How much am I offered?"

There was not a sound and she was led back to her own barn.

Returned to her own breeding farm, Chickasaw's foal was born. So was born the colt named Clang, later sold on the auction block for $300. Clang became a world record holder at the six furlongs distance and continues to share the world's record for three-quarters of a mile.

Then there was the gelding, Reprisal, bought by Walter Mara for five cents. Reprisal won nine races for Mara the first year.

Horsemen call the yearling sales at Saratoga and Lexington "the Glorious Gamble." It's appropriately named and, in racing parlance, "you've got to be a fast man with the snapper," (removing the rubber from the bankroll) to get what you want.

The auction ring is a place where money seemingly has no meaning, where a fluttering program, a nod of the head, a lift of a finger or a half-concealed gesture may tilt the price a hundred, a thousand or even ten thousand dollars.

At Saratoga, during the yearling sales, the air is electric as if someone had thrown a master switch. No one who was there will forget the balmy summer evening in 1928 when the highest sum ever paid for an untried youngster was peeled off the fat bankroll of C. V. B. Cushman for a colt named New Broom.

Surrounded by beautiful and wealthy women and well-groomed men whose checks were as good as Treasury certificates, and for any amount, the satin-coated son of Whisk Broom 2nd from Payment was led into the ring. As he stepped into the arclight glare, he was the perfect picture of equine grace, from creamy muzzle to cannon-bones.

The bidding rolled like the tattoo of war drums and New Broom was knocked down to Cushman for $75,000.

Deep-bosomed, eyes full of fire and fervor, and exquisitely proportioned he seemed the perfect potential record breaker. But speed and stamina he didn't have. In his whole career he won but one race, and that a cheap one.

Perfect conformation and unimpeachable ancestry is no proof that a yearling will pay off.

TAKE the case of Hustle On. W. R. Coe, a famous judge of horseflesh, bought him for $70,000 in 1927. There was no way of telling, that early in his career, that his legs weren't sound. They proved to be as weak as oat straws and Hustle On never even reached the races.

William Helis, New Orleans oil millionaire, often referred to in racing as the "Golden Greek," has the doubtful honor of having paid the third highest price for a beautiful, highly bred colt that, events proved, could hardly keep even with his own shadow.

Helis had already picked a name for the colt — Pericles. In the auction ring it became a battle of greenbacks between the Golden Greek and another newcomer with fresh money in bales Frank Frankel wanted the son of Blenheim 2nd. Risk nearly as badly as Helis.

The bidding reached $65,000 and Helis made it $66,000. That was enough for Frankel, and Helis took the colt to his barn.

In training it was quickly discovered that Pericles was gifted with early morning speed. It was also discovered he was afflicted with weak feet. He managed to win two overnight races in cheap company, then was retired to stud.

Helis has no complaints.

ANOTHER fabulous failure, this one with a $65,000 price tag, Broadway Limited, a son of Man o' War — Starflight. He was bought by W. T. "Tom" Waggoner, famous Texas oil and cattle baron. He finally dropped dead in the stretch at Washington Park. He had never won a race.

One of the strangest romances of the yearling sales occurred at Keeneland in 1943. That year Fred W. Hooper, a Jacksonville, Fla., contractor, had a lot of fresh money and a yen to acquire a racing stable. He bid in a yearling for $10,200.

Two years later this same yearling, Hoop Jr., was in the winner's circle of the Kentucky Derby and Hooper was shaking hands with Col. Matt Winn. The race netted his owner $64,850. But Hoop Jr. never won another race.

But they're not all doomed to failure, those lovely youngsters who parade in the yearling sales ring.

There was Master Charlie. Before the start of the bidding the auctioneer honestly informed his audience that Master Charlie was a "cribber," a confirmed windsucker. He hardly expected a bid. But there was one—for $1,000 from Andy Blakeley. Master Charlie went on to win $95,575.

Even breeders themselves don't always know a yearling's potentialities.

Some years ago a Chicago attorney named Al Sabath (hence Alsab) gambled $700 on an average-bred yearling. He got him so cheap because few expert appraisers seemed to be interested in him.

Within a few years Alsab had netted his surprised owner $349,815 and today is listed as one of the top stallions of the decade.

PETEE WRACK cost J. R. Macomber, the famous Canadian millionaire, a mere $3,000 and won $98,990; Moe Lowenstein took Misstep for $4,000 and collected $182,815; Carlaris cost the late "Fatty" Anderson $6,500 and won $110,461; Twink won more than 20 times his original price. Cavalcade cost but $1,200. He won the Kentucky Derby and $127,195.

Another cheerful note for yearling gamblers was Billy Kelly. He cost Commander J. K. L. Ross only $250 but his total earnings reached $99,782. Furthermore, Ross won many times that amount in wagers on him.

On one occasion Ross entered Billy Kelly and Sir Barton in different races on the same day. He reportedly telegraphed away $25,000 in bets on each of them, forgetting that earlier he had instructed his betting commissioner to make the same wagers. As a result of his memory lapse he had $50,000 riding on each horse — and both won. His winnings that day were over $300,000.

Man o' War probably is the world's greatest yearling buy. Samuel D. Riddle paid $5,000 for him. He raced 20 times, winning 19 and losing only one in an upset—to, appropriately enough, a horse named Upset.

The story is told that Riddle refused $1,000,000 for Big Red who recently passed his 30th birthday.

Tom Waggoner, wanting a suitable stallion for his Texas stud, once stopped Riddle and said:

"I'll give you a million cash for Man o' War."

Riddle answered coldly:

"I'm not interested, Mr. Waggoner."

As Waggoner started to leave, Riddle said:

"Mr. Waggoner, I don't know who is the bigger fool—you for offering a million dollars for a horse—or me for rejecting it."

Actually, Man o' War would have been a good buy. He has earned more than a million dollars in breeding fees.

So it continues, a "Glorious Gamble" to some a "Sucker Game" to others. But there's always the chance of another Man o' War—or another New Broom.

PLEASANT SUGGESTIONS FOR FOOTBALL LISTENERS

Pop Corn · Potato Chips
Crackers and Cheese · Pretzels
Pickles · Salted Nuts · and . . . . . .

Plenty of Pabst Blue Ribbon!

"For You Armchair Quarterbacks"

says Eddie Cantor

Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

COPR. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

The Captain Thought It Was a Good Joke. In His Best Party Manner, He Introduced ex-Commander Hughes as Queen of the Ball—Then Pulled the Chair From Under Her as She Sat Down.

Illustrated by
OZNI BROWN

SOME JOKES AREN'T FUNNY

By Charles Goddard

AN AMBULANCE, with siren screaming, dashed up to the residence of Mr. Edward Emery Jacobs, in Atlanta, to get the desperately-ill Mrs. Jacobs. Mrs. Jacobs was not ill—she was out. It was a practical joke followed by a long series of others.

Why do people play practical jokes? Some are perpetrated because the faces of the victims are really funny and no harm comes to anyone.

Typical of the funny kind of joke is that of Hugh Troy, a New York artist, with his subway gag which requires a confederate who walks through the train until he finds a car with only a few standees.

After him comes Hugh, scrambling and lurching along the car, in a manner to attract attention. Upon reaching his friend, they take no notice of each other but Troy explodes in a resounding sneeze.

With all eyes on him, except those of his confederate, who is reading his paper, the artist frantically searches his pockets for a handkerchief.

Finding none, he notices one peeping from the pocket of his confederate, pulls it out, blows his nose on it and calmly puts the handkerchief back where he found it, all without saying a word.

The outraged expressions of the other passengers at this violation of property rights is sufficient reward for the jokesters' trouble.

In another type of practical joke, the motive is revenge, or spite and the intention to be cruel, rather than funny; but the recent Jacobs series seems to have no motive to appeal to a sane mind.

After the ambulance hoax, unordered C.O.D. packages began arriving, followed by almost every insurance agent of Atlanta, in response to telephone calls stating that Mr. Jacobs wanted to take out a big policy.

Laundry trucks called to pick up soiled clothes that did not exist and a diaper service wanted to leave 50 diapers and promotional literature but found that the only Jacobs baby was a six-year-old daugnter.

Mr. Jacobs opened the door for a learned-looking man, who explained that he was a lawyer, come in response to a telephone call by Mrs. Jacobs who said she was a cripple and wanted a divorce.

Other professional men and women rang the bell to offer unwanted services, including a man dressed in black who came "to check the inscription for the tombstone of the late Mr. Jacobs." As he went out, a man stepped up to ask where the truckload of fertilizer was to be dumped.

One evening music was heard in the street and the Jacobs family were suspicious. Sure enough, a band entered the grounds and "Happy Birthday to You" was sung. The head of the family asked what they wanted and learned that they had been hired to celebrate Mrs. Jacobs' 50th birthday.

"Who hired you?" was asked.

"Mr. Jacobs himself," the bandleader replied.

"Oh, no he didn't," said Jacobs. "You were hired either by a congenital idiot or a practical joker."

The bandsmen did not think this one funny because they had turned down a serious-minded customer.

The Jacobs family are so devoid of enemies that they have been unable to suggest a suspect to the police. Furthermore, the real victims of the joke are individuals and concerns trying to earn an honest living.

What sane person would want to send a hospital ambulance on a fool's errand when it might be needed to save a life?

"The cruelty of stupidity," Coroner Eric Gardner of Aldershot, England, called the "joke" which killed 28-year-old Commander Gwyneth Hughes of the A.T.S.

It happened at a party to celebrate her return to "civvies."

Just before the gathering was to be seated, Captain Frank Williams Whiting, "always the life of the party," delivered a short speech in which he directed everyone to stand at attention while Gwyneth, the Queen of the Ball, assumed her royal throne.

With a mock royal gesture, spreading both arms, she sat back—but there was no seat.

Captain Whiting had pulled her chair back and she fell to the floor.

The young commander tried to laugh, tried to arise and then became unconscious. She lingered in the hospital three weeks with the heartbroken captain in constant attendance, then died of a fractured spine.

F.B.I. agents, finding that someone had substituted water for the chemicals in fire extinguishers through an important Tennessee war factory, suspected the work of Axis agents. Questioning revealed that it was just a prank by the workers themselves who thought it a joke to squirt water on the others. What would happen, in case of fire? They hadn't thought of that.

In another war plant, jokesters thought it would be a laugh to drop a 40-pound piece of iron on the roof and make the workers below think they were being bombed. It did that—also it went right through the roof, wrecking a piece of valuable machinery, difficult to replace.

James Nix, 33, and his wife, Gertrude, 31, of Erskine Street, Detroit, were old enough to know better than to play a suicide joke on each other. Each threatened to do it and each said the other was bluffing.

They sat down to call each other's bluff after Mrs. Nix had turned on the gas and her husband had written a note saying, "We lived hand-in-hand and we'll die hand-in-hand."

For some time they sat watching each other in the room, rapidly filling with gas and then to show how nonchalant she was, Mrs. Nix started to light a cigaret, causing an explosion. She died the next day, her husband two days later.

Again it seems that practical jokers are defective in imagination or they might have suspected that lighting a match in a gas-filled room would have unfunny consequences.

The Rebellious Princess

By Booton Herndon

ROYALTY and Commoners gossiped about it all over Europe

From the backyards of the peasants to the drawing rooms of the nobility, from the tea rooms of the continent even to sitting rooms in democratic America, tongues were set to wagging. The Crown Princess had thrown away her throne, for love

Whispers ran in places high and low. She had not even bothered to take with her the costly jewels She had left her five children behind. She had run away with a commoner

That was nearly 50 years ago, when the Princess was in her early 30s, when she was beautiful and gay

Yet, even after two wars, even after her lustrous hair had turned to gray, the world still remembered.

The end to the story was written only recently, when a little old lady passed away in a cottage in a suburb of Brussels

Until the last, she had kept up with her major activity. Whenever she had a few crumbs to spare, she went out and fed the birds that gathered around her. They, like her, were poor, but free.

Daughter of Ferdinand IV, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Louise began life with the tempestuous, independent blood of the mighty Hapsburg house surging through her veins, mixing with the romantic and fun-loving traits of the Bourbon side of her family Even as a child, Louise sought both beauty and independence, always in vain

Her father fled Tuscany when the control of the region shifted from Austria to Italy. He settled down in a castle in Bavaria, but retained the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was not fond of gloomy Bavaria, and often mooned about the palace, but his wife, the former Princess Alice of Parma, was a strict disciplinarian.

As a little girl, Louise learned what royalty meant. When she was seven, she was turned over to tutors and governesses. From then until her marriage her day was a dreary nine hours of solid instruction. From then on the word she heard most often was "Don't."

"Don't get in a carriage that way."

"Don't do that."

"Your Imperial Highness, what would people think?"

THAT way Louise found out that her life was not her own. She was to have no pleasure, she was to know only false smiles and hypocritical grace. Her tutors were shocked when she asked for violin lessons; royalty didn't do things like that.

At the age when the girl of today wonders which young man she'll have a date with, Louise was wondering which of the eligibles she'd be called upon to marry.

Would he be old or young, this man her parents would select for her? Would he be gay and handsome, or would he be stupid and dull? Some of the available royal males at that time were not entirely sane

Her fears, however, were temporarily banished when the name of her husband-to-be was announced. He was Frederick August, Crown Prince and nephew of the King of Saxony. He was young, he was handsome, and while not brilliant, at least he did not seem dull.

At any rate, her smallest doubts disappeared in the preparations for the wedding. Even princesses, it seems, are thrilled by wedding gowns, especially since it was the first article of clothing Louise was allowed to choose for herself

Hers was of white French moire, with golden roses and leaves embroidered in high relief. So heavy was her train with the golden threads that the little train bearer could not carry it.

From the Emperor of Austria, she received the customary gift of 100,000 florins, plus a magnificent bandeau of pearls, sapphires and diamonds. From the Saxon royal family came bracelets and necklaces, and a tiara of emeralds and diamonds. The other, lesser, gifts of jewelry would be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars today.

The Crown Prince wore the uniform of the Austrian Dragoons, and was tall and handsome. Louise thought that surely a new world had opened to her. At last, love, romance, a throne, and freedom.

That night, her wedding night, she realized how foolish she had been to expect love or romance. Her husband was more interested in his beer than in his bride. He passed out cold.

In Dresden, seat of the kingdom, the young Princess found out that she was still enclosed in the golden chains of royalty. The King was in his dotage, and ruled through his younger brother, Prince George, the father of the Crown Prince

It was Prince George who assigned spies to watch the Princess Louise, and who forbade the young bride even such pleasures as bicycling, the fad of the 1890s. Her husband was a weakling, who followed his father's commands to the letter, whether drunk or sober.

"I married a brewery," Louise said later

The girl who wanted freedom and happiness and love soon found out what was wanted of her. She was to speak when spoken to, stay out of sight, and bear children.

"HOW I looked forward to my first child," she later said. "We could be friends, exchange confidences. We could have secrets just between us two."

Louise was wrong. She wasn't allowed even to take care of her baby. The child was given over to nurses and governesses. Louise, the Crown Princess and mother of an heir to the throne, couldn't break down the customs of royalty and be friends with her own child.

Her husband was no longer young and handsome in her eyes. When he occasionally visited her apartments, he usually reeked with schnapps, and she could not prevent herself from recoiling from his kiss

Then, in an oft-repeated drama, the drunken soldier-prince would draw his sword and threaten her. That ended the argument. As she wrote in her diary:

"I prefer an embrace to a sword thrust any day."

Thus, like many another queen before her, Louise turned elsewhere for her romance. A Roumanian count attracted her, and she frequently went incognito to the opera, just to meet his eyes.

Finally, at a ball at the Roumanian Embassy, which Louise was commanded by the King to attend, they met on a balcony.

"Louise, I love you," he cried, and covered her hand with kisses.

The Crown Princess scolded him for his lack of respect, but the Count was wise in the way of romance, and paid no attention to her remon strances. He dared her to meet him at a secluded spot the next day.

LOUISE said she kept the daring appointment, in disguise, only to tell him he was insolent for suggesting it. Her reasons for meeting him the many times after that she kept to herself

Still, Louise met the prime requisite of a Crown Princess. She gave her husband five children. Aside from her child-bearing, however, she was far from the perfect princess of Saxony.

She could not resist smiling at her subjects, and became more popular than the King Her parents-in-law, jealous of her popularity and angered at her indiscretions, planned to have her confined.

Not long after that came the blow to all royalty.

It was some time after her Roumanian admirer had left Dresden, when Louise was in her early 30s, that a charming young commoner came to the palace. He was Andre Giron, a Belgian tutor.

Giron had wit instead of dullness, gayety and personality instead of a capacity for alcohol, and songs and poetry instead of a sword. He lived in the castle, and he and Louise could not avoid each other even if they had wanted to.

Giron wooed the Princess with looks and sighs and poetry. When she could no longer hide her interest in him he played his final card: He would paint her portrait, in a studio he had in the town. Louise was lost.

The studio became a rendezvous for a royal princess and a poor Belgian tutor.

The scandal spread over all Saxony. Louise was accused falsely of associating with men she had never even seen. Her father-in-law was ruthless in his campaign against her, and her husband didn't care. Louise learned that she was in danger of being confined in an asylum.

They were closing in on her, and there was only one avenue of escape. Louise ran away

She left her Crown Prince, left her children, whom she had never been allowed to know, left her jewels and her priceless gowns.

She also left her throne, for the King died in less than a year, elevating her husband to the crown. She went to Switzerland with the Belgian tutor. She had love, unfettered by royal chains

The anguished howls from all the royal families in Europe were loud. That was the year of 1902, when royalty was beginning to lose face all over the continent.

For years no newspaper in Germany or Austria was allowed to publish her name. She was divorced by the Crown Prince

Giron left her within a year. She married an Italian violinist. That marriage also ended in divorce. A young Italian nobleman, who swore he could not live without her, proved it. He shot himself as she listened over the telephone.

Then Louise went to Belgium. She dropped her Hapsburg title of Countess Montignoso, and lived quietly in Brussels as Countess d'Ysette.

AFTER World War I, when the Kingdom of Saxony was dissolved in the unification of Germany, her income dropped to five cents a month, but she stayed on in Brussels, living frugally with two servants who stood by her.

Her eldest son, not convinced that his mother was entirely to blame, set out to vindicate her, but the cards were stacked against him. Giving up the struggle, he committed suicide only a few years ago.

So Louise, born to a royalty she could not stand, passed her last days, quietly, in her little cottage in Brussels. The people of the town knew her only from seeing her feed the birds with the handful of crumbs from her table.

At the age of 77, she reached the end. She had no royal funeral, and there was no pomp and ceremony. She was laid quietly to rest, just as she had wanted, for she was the Princess who gave up a throne.

Illustrated by AL KORTNER

The Crown Prince Was Tall and Handsome and Louise Was Sure a New World Had Opened for Her at Last, but He Preferred His Beer to His Bride and Passed Out Cold on Their Wedding Day

How to spend 15 days in Europe ... with only 2 weeks for your trip

You save at least a week on round-trip travel time when you travel by American Flagship!

NOW, anyone with two weeks—or even a few *days*—at his disposal, can enjoy a stimulating visit to the Old World. It's the trip of a lifetime in only a few days!

Here's how it works: For example, you can board a transatlantic Flagship Friday ... arrive in Europe next morning ... spend 15 full days seeing things and doing things ... take a return flight Sunday and be back home Monday—only two weekends later!

Now's the time to go! In fact, *anytime* is the right time to go to Europe by air. You travel at the "comfort level"—above the weather. There are fast Flagship flights to Europe every day of the week!

Send for handy travel guide. It's free!

YOU TOO CAN VISIT EUROPE!

DENMARK—This great dairy land is famous for fine foods, masterfully prepared.

IRELAND—The Emerald Isle blends modernity with a historic setting.

HOLLAND—Windmills still abound, but diesel engines are replacing them.

SWEDEN—This beautiful land is a *natural* destination for Americans.

ECONOMICAL, TOO! Low fare pays for everything—no tips, no extras!

—FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY!—

American Airlines, Inc., Department 15,
100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your complimentary booklet "The Easy Way to Europe."

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Travel the airline with the experience of 15,000 transatlantic flights!

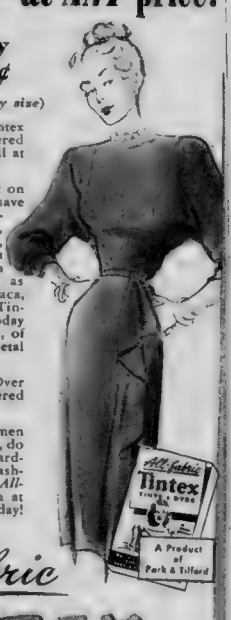
AMERICAN AIRLINES

AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. • AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES, INC.

No *FINER* dye—at *ANY* price!

Yet still only 10¢ and 15¢

(25¢ *for the super-economy size*)



...what a dye! Yes, today's Tintex is the finest quality dye ever offered and its *all fabric*. And it's still at the same low price!

...that means you can use it on your finest things—you can save money—you can dye "Celanese," acetate, rayon, nylon, Bemberg, arslac, silk, cotton, linen, wool and all mixtures thereof. And *all* fabrics woven from the above fibres, such as crepes, sharkskin, jersey, alpaca, chiffon, etc. In fact, *All-fabric* Tintex dyes every fabric made today with the exception, of course, of those woven from glass or metal fibres.

...and *what* a *color* choice! Over 50!—the largest number offered by any other dye!

...no wonder millions of women *insist* on *All-fabric* Tintex. So, do as they do. Give your Fall wardrobe and home decorations fashionable color-beauty with *All-fabric* Tintex dyes. Buy them at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores—today!

All-fabric

TINTEX

The Ultra Modern

TINTS & DYES

Bricklaying BRIDE

GENEVA'S husband goes to work dressed in a white shirt and well-tailored gabardine suit, and carries a briefcase tucked under his arm.

Geneva works, too, but not in a suit—gabardine or otherwise—and not with a briefcase. She goes to work dressed in a pair of well-worn overalls, with a bandana tied around her blond hair, and carries a trowel in her overalls pocket.

The Salesman Goes to Work in a Neat Business Suit, but His Young Wife Does Workman's Overalls for Her Stone Mason's Job.

The overalls and trowel are a "must" for Geneva's job. You have to wear overalls when you're working with mortar and stones, and she wields the trowel to make her living—as a stone mason.

She is Mrs. Geneva Stiffler, 20, of Portland, Me., and to her there's nothing strange about being a stone mason while her husband holds a white collar job, instead of vice versa. "I was brought up knowing stone work," she says.

Geneva's father, Olaf H. Adler, is a Portland contract mason. From the time she could walk, she followed him around as he worked. She learned how to lay stone from him the way most girls learn to bake cakes from their mothers—by watching him do it countless times. It was as natural for her to pick up a trowel as for other girls to pick up a rolling pin.

There isn't anything the men do on the job that Geneva can't do. Climbing over roofs and on scaffoldings does not bother her one whit, and she looks amazed when anyone suggests that it should. "I've been doing it all my life," she laughs, looking more like a slim pretty debutante modeling "those quaint little overalls" than like a hard-working stone mason.

"Our great-grandmothers helped to build their houses in the pioneer days," she points out, "and nobody thought it was strange." But Geneva isn't building her own home—yet. She and her navy veteran husband are still saving pennies for that day. When it comes, she plans to do all the stone work herself.

In the meantime, she feels that she's doing worthwhile work in building homes for other people. "I know how much a home means," she says, "and it makes your work easier when you're helping someone else realize a dream that you have, too."

Geneva's husband is all for it. "She's doing important, useful work," he says, "and she's tops as a housekeeper at the same time. You should taste her cake." But he is employed as a salesman and is out of town several days a week, so even with all the baking she likes to do when he's home, there isn't enough to keep her busy in their small apartment.

"But when we get our own house," she says, "...well, I love housework and children."

It will be a happy day for Geneva when she lays the first stone for their own home. After all her practice, she certainly ought to know how.

Jobs for Teetotalers

THOUSANDS of people who like to look on wine when it is red—or white—would pay good money to get one of the jobs created recently in Algiers.

To speed the shipment of wines to France, port authorities are completing a big pipeline to funnel the precious beverage speedily from big storage vats to the steamship piers. And to keep the line from being tapped, they're recruiting special guards.

Realizing the peculiar desirability of such a job, officials decided to play safe and hire teetotalers only. A number of self-styled abstainers offered their services, but the authorities were wary. One wine-bibber might disrupt the whole service, and it was feared that a backslider, or even an impostor posing as a member of Algerian Alcoholics Anonymous, might crash their employ.

So the canny directors finally hit on what seemed a foolproof solution. They announced they would hire only native Moslems—devout believers who would obey to the death Mohammed's commandment never to touch alcohol.

The wine moguls' only problem now is to screen the applicants carefully enough to make sure no phony followers of the Prophet sneak in.

ADVERTISEMENT

REPAIR MEN HAIL MIRACLE MAINSPRING

It overcomes frequent trouble millions of watch owners share

"Ping" goes the mainspring! Even new springs just put into watches sometimes break. High humidity weather with a sudden drop in temperature can cause condensation of moisture inside the case. A pin point of rust begins—and *there* is where the spring breaks.

The finest steel mainsprings ever made will rust. But now comes Elgin's miracle mainspring: Dura-Power*. Hailed as the most important watchmaking development in over 200 years, the Dura-Power Mainspring *will not* rust. It's made of an entirely new alloy. Retains its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years.

This new Elgin mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* Only Elgin Watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the Dura-Power Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also available for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending

"SAY! NOW YOU'RE REALLY MAKING COFFEE!"

Want to surprise your husband with the most wonderful-tasting coffee he ever drank? Coffee with *all* the delicious flavor, *all* the satisfying goodness he could ever want? Then try Nescafé* today! It has a rich, full-bodied flavor that can't be matched. And you get perfect coffee *every* time—exactly *as* you want it, *when* you want it—made instantly!

Here's the secret: Only Nescafé has a secret, patented way to brew *extra-flavored* coffee from the choicest coffees and to *seal in* the flavor! Yes, in making Nescafé we brew fine, *pure* coffee, add carbohydrates to seal in the flavor, then powder it for your convenience. The flavor *stays* true and fresh until the instant *you* release it in the cup!

So fast . . . so easy . . . and so good! No wonder Nescafé is such an instant success! You just put a teaspoonful in a cup and add hot water. That's all! Instantly you have the most delicious cup of coffee you ever tasted. Nescafé costs you only about 1¢ a cup—and there's *no waste*, because you make exactly the number of cups you serve!

That's why more people drink NESCAFE than any other instant coffee!

THE FLAVOR CAN'T BE MATCHED BECAUSE ONLY NESCAFÉ HAS THE SECRET

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of Nestlé's Milk Products, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

TUNE IN The Paul Whiteman Club—3:30-4:30 P. M. Eastern Time Monday through Friday over your local ABC station

FREE* GIFT OFFER

25¢ box Woodbury Fiesta Powder absolutely FREE when you purchase 75¢ jar Woodbury Cold Cream!

$1.00 Value—Both 69¢ PLUS TAX

*money back guarantee

Try Woodbury Cold Cream for two full weeks. If you are not completely satisfied, mail the Woodbury Cold Cream jar to John H. Woodbury, Inc., Cincinnati 22, Ohio, and your full purchase price will be refunded. KEEP YOUR WOODBURY FIESTA POWDER AS YOUR FREE GIFT!

Wear Fiesta—entrancing, enchanting new powder shade that's the hit of Hollywood! Try Fiesta now—*at no extra cost*—in this FREE gift offer!

Get this Woodbury beauty-bargain today. See how Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses your skin *clear-clean*...*silken-soft*. Yes, its rich oils make Woodbury ...really deep-cleansing...wonderfully smoothing. Start now with Woodbury Cold Cream...give *your* skin that "Always-Fresh" look of Hollywood Stars!

Hurry! GET YOURS NOW!

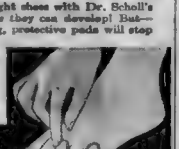
IF YOUR STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WITH WOODBURY'S COMBINATION GIFT OFFER, WRITE TO JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., CINCINNATI 22, OHIO. WE'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE YOUR STORE SUPPLY YOU.

Stop CORNS!

NEVER wait! Promptly protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain vanishes—corns are stopped *before* they can develop! But—if you have corns—these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads will stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure—*instantly*.

SPEEDILY, GENTLY REMOVE CORNS

You'll marvel, too, how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. No other method does all these things. Insist on Dr. Scholl's. Cost but a trifle.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Royal Riddle

THIS mystery-loving nation—just take a look at the paper-backed volumes cluttering your nearest newsstand—had a real life mystery involving genius, a royal romance and light-fingered larceny unloaded on it the other day in San Francisco.

The story goes back 86 years to the time of good Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. And to Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous English animal painter.

Sir Edwin had completed a famous painting, "Dignity and Impudence," showing a majestic Grafton hound as Dignity and a lively Scotch terrier as his playmate, Impudence. Both were mascots of the Royal Black Watch Regiment, and Impudence was a particular favorite of Prince Albert.

AS a result, Queen Victoria hit on the idea of asking Sir Edwin to paint a miniature of Impudence and mount it on a stickpin for [illegible] birthday present.

Sir Edwin detested miniatures, had never [illegible] in the art world as "piffling." But he couldn't say no to the queen who had knighted him.

He bowed politely to Victoria, swallowed his pride, and went reluctantly home to his studio to begin the task.

With loathing for every brush line, Landseer painted the little picture. He then had it mounted on a gold pin. But he never delivered it. For Albert died before his birthday. Sir Edwin stuck it away among his possessions, and it was there in his Bournemouth studio when he himself died.

The miniature descended, with other treasures, to his grandniece of this generation, Patricia Landseer. But an artistic burglar crashed the Bournemouth studio one night.

He passed up a priceless collection of Landseer art notebooks, rough drawings and diaries, and carried off rare little Impudence, the only miniature Sir Edwin ever painted.

Let's pass over some time now, and also about 6,000 miles. Patricia Landseer had been married, but was no longer, to Peter Call, an American former newspaperman, screen writer and naval officer.

Call, now moderator of San Francisco's Town Hall, was standing in a San Francisco theatre just after a lecture.

A liveried chauffeur entered, saluted, and handed Call a package. Call thanked him somewhat absent-mindedly and asked no questions, expecting to find a card inside the tiny parcel. It was next day before he thought of opening the thing.

Inside, with no card, was the missing miniature which grumbling Sir Edwin Landseer turned out for his queen three generations ago.

HOW did the miniature travel from England to California? Through how many hands did it pass? Who sent it to Call? Why? And who now is the legal owner? Call, to whom it was given, or his former wife, old Sir Edwin's heiress?

Those points were still in debate the other day. We pass them on to you, mystery-minded readers. The fascinating, unsolved riddle of Impudence.

The Famous Artist Had Once Denounced Such Paintings as "Piffling," but He Couldn't Refuse When the Queen, Herself, Commanded.

The Perfect Job

HUNDREDS of human guinea pigs have undertaken dangerous experiments for the advancement of science.

They have permitted themselves to be inoculated with germs and serums, and have been bitten by insects and rodents.

There's a more congenial job ahead, however, for a group of students at the University of Minnesota who'll participate in a two-year research program being sponsored by the National Dairy Council.

Thousands of younger Americans would part with their favorite toys to join the experiment.

For all the collegiate guinea pigs have to do is eat ice cream—and accept pay for doing it.

They'll be fed different kinds of creams, and varying quantities. It's part of a study to determine how much longer, if any, the human body requires to utilize frozen foods than to handle warm foods.

Bring the BEST of EVERYTHING into YOUR Life

The Institute of Right Thinking Will HELP You

- To Bring More Happiness into Your Life.
- To Solve Any Problems Which May Now Face You or May Ever Face You.
- To Forge Ahead in Your Job—Either At Home or in Business.
- To Enjoy Better Health—Both Mental and Physical.
- To Increase Your Value To Yourself and To Others.
- In Short, To Become a Completely *New, Finer, Happier, More Desirable, More Sought-After* and *More Successful* You!

For Free Information regarding how to obtain *all this for yourself*, easily, inexpensively, in your own home and at your own convenience, clip and mail this Coupon Today.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The INSTITUTE of RIGHT THINKING

536 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Gray Hair

If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, CLAIROL is your answer.

*For CLAIROL is the world's most natural-looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "CLAIROL often helps make a woman look ten years younger"—And in one quick treatment too. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using—if it gives your hair an artificial look—then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to CLAIROL this very day.

** Proof that Clairol colors hair on nature's plan may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 510 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.*

Caution: Use only as directed on the label.

ADVERTISEMENT

FRECKLES?

Use

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Have you a freckle problem? Freckly face, shoulders, back and arms don't go with a glamorous evening gown, soft music, romance. One of the outstanding and beautifying actions of Mercolized Wax Cream is its bleaching of freckles. It will actally help stop new freckles from appearing. Let Mercolized Wax Cream help you to a more radiant, youthful, romantic looking skin. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

BAD SKIN?

Try This 10 DAY TEST

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCI-REX (*merc-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with RIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At drugstores.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN

OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO

More Lives Were Lost During World War II Due to Careless Accidents in the Home Than Were Lost on the Battlefields. Let's Be Careful and Avoid These Careless Deaths; the Life You Save May Be Your Own.

UNHARMED BY LIQUIDS!

Prove for yourself that Devoe 87 Spar is the finest all-purpose varnish you ever used! Learn how it stands up under rough use without scratching—resists damage from alcohol, hot soapy water and fruit acids. It dries in 4 hours! Take this Test Coupon to the nearest 87 Spar dealer. It entitles you to a full quarter pint can of Devoe 87 Spar Varnish for only 25¢ (enough for 20 sq. ft. average wood surface). This offer expires December 5, 1947.

TEST COUPON

Good for one-quarter pint test sample of Devoe 87 Spar Varnish (retail value 53c) for 25c on presentation to any 87 Spar dealer.

Customer's name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

This offer expires December 5, 1947

ANOTHER DEVOE PRODUCT

Distributed by

Peaslee-Gaulbert Paint & Varnish Company
Truscon Laboratories
Wadsworth, Howland & Company
Devoe & Raynolds Company, Inc.
787 First Avenue, New York 17, New York

Hard-Working Eyes Can be Relieved of That Tired Feeling

• Your priceless eyes are your most loyal servants. No other part of your body works so steadily, yet the human eye seldom complains—unless something's wrong. Don't take chances—if your eyes give you trouble, for reasons you don't understand, see a qualified specialist at once. And if your eyes feel tired, used-up, because of overwork or the effects of dust, wind, sun or light glare, give them a quick rest with Murine. Murine contains seven ingredients, blended to bring instant, soothing relief. Murine cleanses as gently as a tear; just two drops in each eye and right away you feel a wonderful comforting sensation. . . . If your eyes feel rested, you usually feel better all over. You can use Murine as often as your eyes tell you to—it is gentle, yet effective, for children and grown-ups alike. Economical, because so little goes so far. Get Murine from your druggist today in the familiar green and black package. Send 10c for refillable pocket-size sample bottle, to Dept. B-8, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois. Use Murine for your eyes. They deserve the best.

Women! To Rid Yourselves of Those Little Lines Around the Eyes as Well as That Little Bulge Under the Chin Read Sally Young's Column Offering Helpful Tips to Beauty-Seeking Women.

Women at the Wheel

"MOST women — and mothers in particular —make better automobile drivers than men," says Mrs. Lulu Lovely of Pittsfield, Mass. She herself is a grandmother in her 60s, and has been teaching novices to drive since 1925.

She has coached 2,000 pupils in 22 years and some 1,500 of them were women. Only two of these have had accidents, and they were minor mishaps. Her 500 men clients, says the driving expert, have shown a much higher percentage of accidents, usually because they failed to follow her instructions or heed her warnings.

"From the minute she takes the wheel," says Mrs. Lovely, "a woman with a family is watching and on guard lest a child step off the curb. When she sees one she makes a wide detour around it, which is something the men do not always do.

"School teachers and nurses, I find, are very careful of children in the streets. Women in the professions also are most attentive to my teaching, and learn to drive quicker than other clients."

DRIVING a car is riskier today than when she started in 1925 after the death of her husband, says Mrs. Lovely. She became a driving instructor to support herself and three young sons.

"I explain this added risk to a pupil before she touches the starter," says Mrs. Lovely. "If she has a family I impress on her the responsibility she has of not getting hurt or killed in an accident, for their sake if not her own.

"I have never had to tame down a mother learning to drive, the way I often have to with men, who usually want to step on the gas the first thing. But I never scold them unless I have to. Then I make them pull in to the curb and tell them, 'Now, listen. We aren't going to do this any more.' If they won't follow my instructions I just won't have them for pupils."

Mrs. Lovely practices as well as preaches safe driving. After almost a quarter of a century, during which time she has driven 15,000 miles a year, she is yet to have an accident herself.

To back up her contention that women are more careful drivers than men, Mrs. Lovely cites accident figures: "Although there are now nearly as many women drivers as men drivers on the road, at least 10 men have accidents to every woman involved in a crash or a crackup. And you rarely hear of women driving under the influence of alcohol. They just won't take such chances."

Whether the keepers of accident statistics would bear out the Massachusetts woman in her surprising statement about the carelessness of men drivers compared with the wives and daughters, is a question—but she says that she keeps up on such figures.

With the increase in drunken driving, Mrs. Lovely devotes part of her course to teaching what to do if faced by such a hazard. "An intoxicated man will have his attention drawn to any moving object," she explains. "He will try to focus his eyes on it, and is almost sure to steer his car in the direction he's looking.

"Whenever you see an automobile zigzagging toward you, pull as far over as possible and stop at once so as not to attract the driver's attention. He may pass you harmlessly. However, be prepared to bail out at a second's notice, in case the tipsy driver keeps coming your way."

MRS. LOVELY has been so successful in teaching women to drive that she sometimes gains the enmity of their husbands. 'Why, darn it all," one man complained to her recently, "since you taught my wife, she criticizes my driving every time we go out in the car. And what's worse, she can usually prove she's right."

Other men, who are ex-pupils of the grandmother who makes driving her business, reluctantly admit that she certainly taught them well.

As a final clincher to her argument that the numerous and persistent gags about women drivers are neither funny nor true, Mrs. Lovely says, "You have never heard of a woman driver trying to beat a railroad train to a crossing. But men try it all the time. If you doubt my word, all you have to do is read the newspapers."

The Massachusetts Grandmother Who Has Taught 2,000 People to Handle a Car Says That the Gags About Women Drivers Are Neither Funny Nor True.

I keep an *EXTRA* package..Of Alka-Seltzer near..And when a headache threatens..I soon get in the clear.

Of course I keep an *EXTRA*..And after all, why not? If Acid Indigestion comes.. I'm Johnny On-the-Spot.

I hate discomforts of a COLD..A sniffle, snuff or sneeze. That's why I keep an *EXTRA*..For just such times as these.

Alka-Seltzer can be so helpful in so many ways in your home, you will find it wise always to have an *EXTRA* package handy. Why not do as thousands do:—Instead of buying *one*, buy *two!* All drugstores. 60c—30c—and the *new* purse and pocket size.

Alka-Seltzer

TWO-PIECE SUIT!
New Cutaway Jacket!
New Longer Length!

only $7.98

Sweetheart Suit

Here's a glamour number that will panic the stag line! Double-breasted cutaway jacket with a frankly flirtatious back peplum. Wide-spreading collar of gleaming, colorful, checked taffeta, with a pussycat bow on top. Two rows of plaid buttons, and plaid cuffs. The skirt is deeply shirred in front to flare and swish as you walk. Superbly tailored in sleekest rayon faille. Alluring colors. Beep Black, Sable Brown, Emerald Green, Royal Blue. Sizes 9 11-13-15-17.

Preview Fashions
275 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

SEND NO MONEY — SENT ON APPROVAL

PREVIEW FASHIONS, Dept. A 105
275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	$$

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Case of

By Peter Levins

"MET Haden Clarke, a writer. First impression of him very good. He is going to ghost a book for Chubbie."

Capt. William Newton Lancaster, noted British flier, wrote this in his diary on Feb. 9, 1932, in Miami, Fla.

The "Chubbie" referred to was petite Jessie Keith-Miller, an Australian aviatrix, with whom he was deeply in love.

He had been devoted to her for five years, ever since their celebrated flight from England to Australia. But for a divorce-shy wife in England, the pair probably would have been married long since.

On Feb. 12, Lancaster noted in his journal that Clarke, a native of California, had moved into the fliers' common domicile in Miami. Since Clarke had to confer with Mrs. Keith-Miller several times a day in connection with the writing project, which had to do with her flying experiences, this seemed a sensible arrangement.

All were anxious to see the story whipped into shape quickly, for their finances were low. Jessie had hopes that some magazine would serialize the work.

Early in March, Lancaster left to make an aerial survey of the Middle West, first having paid a few bills and left what funds he could spare. Before he took off, he asked Clarke to take care of Chubbie, and not let her drink too much.

On March 18, at El Paso, Texas, he wrote in his diary.

"Tonight I am more than worried. I am plumb crazy, because of no news from Chubbie. Chub, my darling, how are you and what are you doing?"

Several days later:

"A wire from Chubbie disturbs me very much. I go out and borrow on the gun lent me by Houston [Ernest H. Huston, Miami attorney]. This I wire to Chubbie."

March 25: "No news from Chubbie. She has disappointed me more than this expedition."

March 28: "Letter from Haden Clarke and Chubbie. Very disappointed. Looks as though Chubbie just dashed off a note as a sort of duty. Haden a little more enlightening. Hope he is keeping his promise to me. Feel sure he is. But Chubbie—hell."

More days passed, days of waiting and anxiety.

"No news of Chubbie...wired her every cent I could scrape up...I'm sick with worry...Is H. C. trustworthy?...This mental agony is terrible... Chubbie, my darling..."

TUCSON, Ariz., April 10: "Awaken with misgivings. Suffer the tortures of the damned! Ways and means have to be found today to get on east. East is where my life lies, everything I hold dear is there.

"If it's gone from me I will end this life. I can't stand the strain much longer...am going to Miami whatever happens to find out first hand all about everything...I love you, Chubbie—have done my best—but failed. Want to talk things over with you, my sweet. It's five years now since we met."

He started back. When he reached St. Louis, he received a letter from Mrs. Keith-Miller and Clarke, informing him that they had fallen in love and planned to marry. He dispatched a desperate telegram, beseeching them not to do anything until he returned.

He got back on the afternoon of April 20—and the following morning the news flashed out over the country that Haden Clarke had died in the Miami house of a bullet wound in the head.

It appeared that he had committed suicide. He and Lancaster had occupied separate beds on the sleeping porch, and Lancaster, the reports stated, had been awakened by the fatal shot, fired by a gun found between the beds.

Two notes lay on a bedside table. One, to Mrs. Keith-Miller, read:

"The economic situation is such that I can't go through with it. Comfort mother in her sorrow. You have Bill. He is the whitest man I know.

"HADEN."

The other, addressed to Lancaster, read:

"Bill, I can't make the grade. Tell Chubbie of our talk. My advice is never to leave her again. "H."

Each note had been typewritten, but signed by hand.

One of the first officers on the scene, J. R. Rowland, investigator for State's Attorney Hawthorne, found the letter Clarke and Chubbie had written announcing their intention to marry; also Lancaster's wired appeal to wait until he returned.

"Whose gun was this?" Rowland asked.

"The gun belonged to me," Lancaster replied.

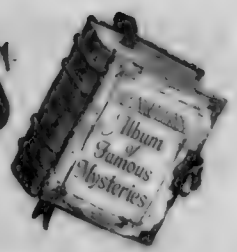
Both he and Chubbie were held in the county jail pending investigation.

"Mrs. Keith-Miller's story rings true," Hawthorne told reporters, "but we'll have to go into Lancaster's story pretty thoroughly."

He added that the authorities would have to look into Lancaster's

Lancaster Said That He Searched for Suicide Notes While Mrs. Keith-Miller Bathed the Dying Man's Head. Finding None, He Forged Two and Signed Clarke's Name.

the Three Good Friends



Illustrated by MATT CLARK

part in the events leading up to the shooting and afterward. "There are a number of facts," he said, "which make it difficult to render an immediate decision that Clarke took his own life."

Mrs. Keith-Miller insisted that the newspapers erred in calling this a "love tragedy." As a matter of fact, she said, she and Bill Lancaster had never been anything more to each other than "mere pals." (Later she had to admit this was an understatement. "I loved him," she explained, "without actually being in love with him.")

By Florida law, the authorities could not hold Lancaster and Mrs. Keith Miller more than 72 hours without filing a formal complaint, so they were released at the expiration of that period.

Lancaster, however, was re-arrested immediately by federal agents in connection with an alien smuggling conspiracy.

It was alleged that the British flier had been identified with a group engaged in spiriting Chinese into the U. S. via airplane from Mexico.

He insisted that he had withdrawn from the smuggling venture as soon as he learned its nature. Again he was released.

PERMITTED now to do as he pleased, Lancaster hastened to the Florida home of Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, mother of the dead writer. In an affecting scene, he placed his hands on her shoulders and said, "Mrs. Clarke, I want you to know that I did not kill your son." She replied, "I am glad to hear it, captain."

Thus the case seemed to have drawn to a close.

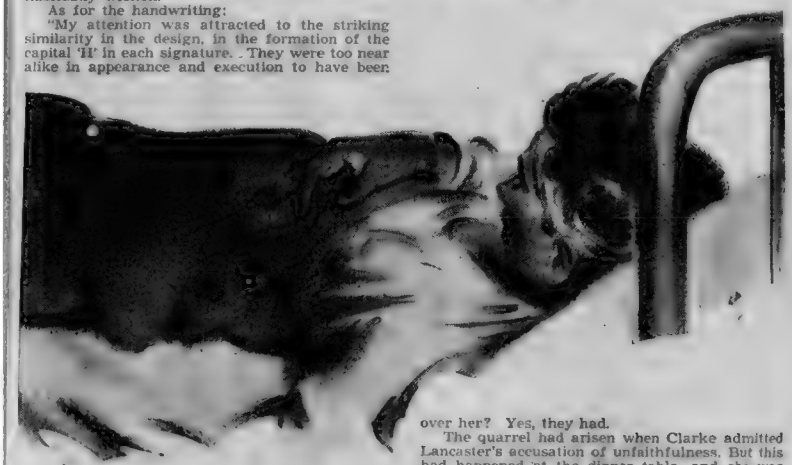
Within a week, however, another piece of news flashed out over the nation: the suicide notes had been forged!

J. V. Haring, a recognized handwriting expert, who had been called in by State's Attorney Hawthorne, said he based his conclusion both on the typing and the handwriting.

He declared that the typewriting—the spacing, placing of punctuation, and the painstaking way in which the letters were inscribed—did not agree in any respect with the way Haden Clarke had habitually written.

As for the handwriting:

"My attention was attracted to the striking similarity in the design, in the formation of the capital 'H' in each signature. They were too near alike in appearance and execution to have been produced under the stress and strain of writing such notes as these purported to be, and suggested the thought that they were the work of a person other than Clarke."



Hawthorne asked Lancaster what he had to say about this.

"It's true I wrote the notes and signed them," he admitted. "I intended to have Haden sign them himself but I discovered that he was too weak."

"Why did you do this?"

"I realized right away that things looked bad for me," he replied. "I saw that, to protect myself, I must have evidence showing that Haden had killed himself."

He was charged with first degree murder and lodged in the local jail, where he tacked up two pictures of Chubbie. He expressed confidence that everything would turn out all right. "The sooner I am tried," he stated, "the better I'll like it."

State's Attorney Hawthorne told reporters that he would produce witnesses to testify that Lancaster had become madly jealous of Clarke and vowed to get rid of him.

"We know from his diary," he added, "that he was very much in love with Mrs. Keith-Miller."

The trial opened on Aug. 2, before Circuit Judge H. F. Atkinson and a jury of married men. In questioning veniremen, Defense Attorney James M. Carson had asked each of them this question: "Can you give this man a fair trial in spite of details that may arise to show that he lived with a woman who was not his wife?"

In his opening, Carson admitted that Lancaster and Chubbie had been desperate at times, "but neither he nor she has ever been desperate enough to kill."

He stressed the point that Mrs. Keith-Miller never once voiced the slightest accusation against Lancaster; surely, he suggested, if she had fallen in love with Clarke, she would have wished his murderer punished.

Prosecution witnesses told of the discoveries at the house on the morning of the tragedy—the position of the body on the bed; the gun on the floor; the path of the bullet, which had entered the head above the right ear and emerged about two inches above the left ear, lodging in the bed pillow.

The courtroom crowd listened apathetically, then snapped to attention as the court clerk shouted, "Mrs. Jessie Keith-Miller!"

All present realized that the "woman in the case" was the key witness. By her testimony, they felt, she could doom the defendant, or save him.

Soon it became obvious that she was sticking by "good old Bill." She had always intended to marry him, she said. Clarke often threatened suicide, Mrs. Keith-Miller said.

BILL'S reaction to the projected marriage to Clarke had been merely "one of sadness," she said. Indeed, Bill had gone so far, she said, as to plan suicide in an airplane crash so that she and Clarke could collect $1,000 insurance.

This thoughtful gesture had been abandoned, however, because Lancaster had discovered that the insurance company had gone out of business.

But there had been a quarrel, had there not, between the two men on the night of the captain's return? Yes. And had they not quarreled over her? Yes, they had.

The quarrel had arisen when Clarke admitted Lancaster's accusation of unfaithfulness. But this had happened at the dinner table, and she was sure "everything was all right" again by the time they went to bed.

Mrs. Keith-Miller admitted that she had locked her door when she retired "because Haden told me he did not want Bill to come to my room and talk me out of our marriage plans."

She reiterated that the two men had "patched up their differences" before they went to bed because she heard them laughing together.

How Lancaster could have become reconciled to the situation, after the way he had been acting, she did not say. Nobody else heard them laughing together, but nobody else heard them quarreling, either.

"The next thing that happened," she testified, "was when Bill rapped on my door at 2 o'clock in the morning and told me that Haden had shot himself."

J. F. Russell, former business associate of the defendant, who had recently been convicted in connection with the alien smuggling scheme, testified that he had encountered Lancaster in El Paso a week or so before the tragedy, and that he had heard the defendant utter threats against Clarke's life.

"He asked me if I thought Clarke had double-crossed him, and I said it looked that way," the witness related. "With that Bill turned away, muttering, 'I'll get rid of that ——.'"

Prosecutor Hawthorne read the defendant's diary into the record, then recalled Chubbie to the stand to ask her how she felt about the two men.

She replied, "Bill and I were pals. We had been adventuring together for years. But with Haden it was different. With him I experienced a thrill."

The state rested, and Attorney Carson called as his first witness the defendant himself.

Lancaster insisted in his testimony that his attitude toward the proposed wedding had not been one of frustrated rage: on the contrary, he had "wished them luck." As for the promise he exacted from Clarke:

"I spoke confidentially to Haden, before I left, about my love for Mrs. Keith-Miller, and urged him to take care of her. I treated him confidentially from the start of our acquaintance. I was very fond of him. I told him of Chubbie's weaknesses when drinking, and asked him to keep her on the water wagon."

"What do you mean by weaknesses?" his attorney inquired.

"Merely that when she drank heavily her conduct was not normal conduct," he replied.

On the night of the tragedy, he continued, he and Clarke "sat talking" before they composed themselves in sleep. He was awakened by the shot, he said, and had summoned Chubbie at once.

She had bathed Haden's head while he searched for suicide notes. Finding none, to his dismay, he had written two on the typewriter and signed his dying rival's name.

Friends of Clarke testified that he had been morbid on occasions, and had talked of suicide. One swore that he had been addicted to drugs.

Defense Attorney Carson in his summation, said:

"William Newton Lancaster, 4,000 miles from home, penniless, deserted by some but not all his friends, stands forth in unselfishness and nobility of character with the brilliance of a gem, against the dirt, mud, muck and filth which form the sordid background of this case."

The state had presented only circumstantial evidence against his client, he said, and that was not enough.

"The state has not shown beyond a reasonable doubt that Bill Lancaster killed Haden Clarke. My client is not on trial for his love for Mrs. Keith-Miller, or he would be convicted. He is on trial for the murder of Haden Clarke."

The jury got the case on Aug. 17, deliberated four hours and 45 minutes, then returned a verdict of not guilty.

LANCASTER dashed to the jury box and shook each juryman by the hand. He made a speech of thanks, clicked his heels together, and saluted.

"I am delighted!" Mrs. Keith-Miller exclaimed. "I knew old Bill would come through!"

Several weeks later, when he and Chubbie faced deportation on a charge of having entered the U. S. illegally, Lancaster swore that he planned to marry her as soon as his wife obtained a divorce. Several weeks more, and the two sailed for England on different boats. Lancaster arrived in Liverpool on Oct. 24 in time to reach London and greet his darling as her ship docked there.

Reporters asked him if he planned to make another long-distance flight. He replied that he would make another such flight, and that Mrs. Keith-Miller would accompany him.

"I have not decided when this will be," he said, "but whenever and wherever I fly I shall have no other co-pilot."

On April 11, 1933, he took off—alone—from Lympne Airdrome, England, on a record-seeking flight to Cape Town, South Africa.

He hoped to lower Amy Johnson Mollison's mark of 4 days, 6 hours and 45 minutes for the 6,250-mile journey.

He reached Oran, Algeria, in one hop, then headed due south across the Sahara Desert and landed at Raggane, in the heart of Algeria.

By the time his plane was ready for the next leg, it was night. There was no moon, and a strong northwest wind was blowing.

The head of the Trans-Saharan Co. at Raggane strongly advised Lancaster against continuing, said it would be madness to fly when he would not be able to see any beacons on the Trans-Saharan motor track, and when he had no lighting on his instrument board for steering a compass course.

"I'll manage with matches," the flier said.

Then he took off—and was never seen again.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

THE BEER WITH THE GREATEST FOLLOWING EVER KNOWN

Mankind's many types of entertainment testify to the need, down through the ages, for well-earned relaxation.

In your moments of leisure, you will find Budweiser a pleasing companion . . . matching your mood of the moment, considerate of your busy tomorrow. Every sip tells you why it is the most popular beer the world has ever known.

Budweiser

T LIVES WITH
GOOD TASTE . . . *EVERYWHERE*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

ABOVE ALL...
BUY
Stratford
REGENCY
THE BIGGEST DOLLAR'S WORTH IN THE PEN MARKET TODAY
$1.00
It's handsome . . . smooth-writing . . . always dependable. Truly an amazing pen for the price. At reliable pen counters everywhere.
STRATFORD
DEPENDABLE PENS and PENCILS
"Stratford" & Regency" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1947 by Stratford Pen Corporation, Sole Bldg., N. Y. 1

Comfort for Babies
AT first sign of chafing dry eczema or simple rash, use soothing, medicated Resinol for gentle relief of itching, smarting irritation. 50 years a favorite
Mild Resinol Soap is ideal for baby's bath.
RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Lonesome Big Shot

IT WOULD be a very happy day in Jan Van Albert's life if he could go out to dinner and a movie some evening—but the chances are he never will.

Jan, a 44-year-old Dutchman, is nine feet three and a half inches tall, and even if he wanted to brave the crowds that always gawk after him when he's in public, he is just too outsize to be able to enjoy the things the rest of us do.

Any table in a restaurant, for instance, is much too low for him to get his legs under. Sitting in an ordinary chair puts his knees somewhere up under his chin, in the same position an average-sized man would assume while sitting on a low footstool. While he might not mind such an uncomfortable pose in the privacy of a friend's home, it would only prove embarrassing in public.

As for going to the theatre, there isn't enough space between seats for those long legs of his. Even if he could wedge them in, he would block the view of many other people.

Buses and street cars are out for Jan, too. He can't sit down in them because of the lack of leg room, and he can't stand in them, except by bending over from the waist, a position almost impossible to hold.

Even an overnight visit to a friend has its problems. That is, unless the friend has two unoccupied beds, and room enough to place end to end.

Van Albert is a shy, sensitive man who feels keenly the lack of companionship with his fellow man and the everyday experiences that others enjoy.

The Dutchman has been of special interest to scientists since the day he was born. He weighed 17 pounds, although his parents, and his four sisters and three brothers, were of normal size.

He grew rapidly and was six feet tall on his seventh birthday. By the time he was 20 he had added another two feet. Then, for some reason, he stopped growing for a while but suddenly began to put on weight and height. He reached his present towering altitude at the age of 25 and seems to have stopped growing.

Many a treatise has been written about Mr. Van Albert, not only because he is one of the tallest men who ever lived, but because he is normal mentally and emotionally. Most oversize humans are a little on the stupid side and die at an early age.

When the Nazis overran Holland in 1939, Jan was helping run his father's basket factory. But the Germans put that place out of business. Jan and his five foot five Swiss wife survived the Nazi occupation—but he had a tough time getting enough food to keep him alive.

After the war the Dutchman and his wife went to England where he was induced to appear in a stage review called "Would You Believe It?" His wife's brother, who is Jan's best friend and a dwarf—shared the spotlight with the big fellow.

"I seldom go on the street," says Van Albert, "because people can't help staring at me—and I tie up traffic. But most of all I miss being able to do the things that others do. Giants may be big shots in fairy tales, but they are very lonely people in real life."

The Nine-Foot Giant Shuns Public Restaurants, Because He's Much Too Big to Use the Tables and Chairs Designed for Normal-Sized People.

A Break for Husbands

FOND, but forgetful, Australian husbands have found life much easier since a war veteran named J. J. Hughes had the inspiration, and the business sense, to organize what he calls the Lovely Lady Service.

All a husband has to do is give Hughes his name and his wife's name—plus the dates of birthdays and wedding anniversaries. A couple of days before such an anniversary the husband gets a note, or a phone call.

The Lovely Lady Service asks him what he wants to give his wife, how much he wants to spend and what message should be enclosed with the gift.

Mr. Hughes is doing a rushing business, partly because there's no charge for remembering other people's anniversaries. He gets his commissions from the stores where he buys presents.

Yes...she's used to the best!

She pays $10,000 for her diamond necklace...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

YES ...it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES ...it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

When ordinary headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves all strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer for fast help. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug-store fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.

After 25
Beware of DRY SKIN

Act promptly to arrest it—
with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil that skin needs.

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips—with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; a special emulsifier.

2-Point Softening Care . . .

Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night.

Lanolin-Protect by Day—Pond's Dry Skin Cream before make-up gives a protective screen to shield skin from dryness.

Start now! See your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

FREE—*For sample of rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send name, address to Pond's, Dept. 150-DA, Clinton, Conn.*

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

draw me!

TRY FOR A *Free Art Course*

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a complete ART COURSE FREE

FIVE PRIZES — five complete art courses FREE including Drawing Outfits (Value of each course, $240.00).

FREE! Each contestant submitting a drawing of sufficient merit will get a grading and our opinion as to whether his or her talent is worth developing

Vocational Training for talented artistic persons is of tremendous importance. Almost everything must be designed before it can be manufactured. Only talented persons can be trained as designers and illustrators. Splendid opportunities are available for trained Commercial Artists, Illustrators and Cartoonists. Many of our former students are earning excellent incomes in the profession. Here's an opportunity to test your talent FREE

RULES: Contestants must be amateurs. Our students are not eligible. 1. Make copy of girl 5 inches high, on paper 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. No drawings will be returned. 4. Print your name, address (town, zone number, county, state), age, phone number and present occupation on back of drawing. If you live in an apartment, give apartment number. 5. All drawings must be received by October 31st, 1947. Prize winning drawings will be selected by our faculty.

ART INSTRUCTION · INC

Dept. 2751 A.W. 500 So. 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Teen-Age Tempest

Too Young for Make-Up at 14?

ONE of our fourteeners wanted to know at what age a girl might start using make-up. She thought 14 was the right age. Her mother said it was too young. What to do? Here's what some of the others had to say.

Fern Schwartz of Goble, Ore., said make-up is a very unnecessary item. **Evelyn Concoran** of Las Vegas, Nev., doesn't think a girl should ever wear make-up —whether she's 14 or 74.

Anna Whitlock of Washington, D. C., doesn't wear make-up at 15 because her father says it makes her look cheap. And **Evelyn Behm** of Lockport, N. Y., says, "If God wanted us to wear make-up, he would have seen to it that we had some on when we were born."

Make-up makes a girl look twice her age, says **Marie Ann Jones** of Portland, Ore.

A group of girls in Camas, Wash., who signed themselves **Marjorie, Judy, Jerry, Peggy** and **Alice**, felt that a fourteener should be allowed to wear lipstick.

Actual age doesn't matter, say **Sandra Manns** of Roxbury, Mass., and **Frances Ortuso** of Cleveland, Ohio. It depends on how old a girl acts and the people she goes around with.

Lipstick is all right when you start going to high school, says **Mary Hess**, of Monroe, Wis., but keep it light in color.

Audrey Eve Leonard of Chillicothe, Ohio, writes, "If allowed to use make-up girls will also be encouraged to get rid of skin blemishes."

Make-up, even if only a little of it is used, perks up a girl's spirits and gives her self-respect, writes **Carol Therlault** of Chicago.

Suzanne Holzschuer, also 14, of Turtle Creek, Pa., says, mascara and rouge are out of place on a fourteener. Lipstick is all right if blotted two or three times.

Barbara Nolty and **Andree Benway** of Great Barrington, Mass., agree with that but add that a little rouge may be applied on formal occasions.

Angela Scorrano, 17, of New Rochelle, N. Y., believes that a mother should help her daughter to choose shades of lipstick and then give her all the beauty tips necessary to make her look fresh and sweet.

A great many other teeners complained that their parents are old-fashioned, that they have no understanding of how a schoolgirl feels when she's called a "drip" because she's not allowed to wear make-up.

One girl denies that she wears lipstick to attract the boys. She just wants to be considered a part of her gang of girls.

Most teeners don't want to wear too much make-up. They are quite satisfied with just a light lipstick. They have no wish to look like painted Jezebels. They treasure their clear, youthful complexions.

The secret of clever make-up, wrote **J. S. B.** of New York City, is to look as though you aren't using it. "When people compliment you on the way you look without make-up, you've done a good job," she wrote.

It's probably good advice. What do you think, teeners?

Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, New York.

U. T.

A Great Many Teen-Agers Feel That Their Mothers Are Being Unreasonable and Old-Fashioned About the Use of Lipstick.

Is Your House a Home?

SO MANY parents complain that as far as their children are concerned, home is only a place to eat and sleep. Perhaps this letter from a girl in Coupeville, Wash., will shed a little light on why this is so. She writes:

"My father wouldn't let me do anything else. I couldn't bring my friends in. One night I returned from a show at 10 o'clock and asked my date in for coffee and sandwiches. My humiliation was beyond description when my father told him to get going, he wasn't running a short order restaurant.

"Naturally I rebelled — not openly, for I didn't dare.

"Wouldn't it have been far better if my father had made me feel that it was as much my home as his?"

What do you think, teeners? Are some of you up against the same thing? And, if so, just what are you doing to solve this problem?

It's a way thousands use to wake up vital and gay, and eager to get going! Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine each night.

Here's how it works—without magic or mystery. Taken warm at bedtime Ovaltine promotes *sound sleep* without drugs. It also supplies specially processed food elements to restore vigor and energy while you sleep. And as a plus value, furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for keen vitality.

So each cup is a 3-way aid to better sleep and brighter, peppier, happier mornings. Why not try it, and see!

OVALTINE

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES BOILS

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING

The White Package with the Orange Band

CORN BAD? FEEL SAD? GET GLAD!

BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine® RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

Stops shoe pressure—its soft Durafelt pad relieves pain instantly! *Cures surface pain*, thanks to Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine! *Loosens hard "core"* with gentle medication—you just lift it out in a few days! *For greater relief* get Blue-Jay — *"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"*

®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., by Cbs

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

NOW IN 2 SIZES: STANDARD AND LITTLE TOE

Division of The Kendall Company Chicago 16

Mythical Methuselahs

An English Doctor Says Most Famous Oldsters Lied About Their Age

JUST when New Mexico discovers a Navajo Indian 137 years old within its borders, an English scientist comes out with a statement that no one ever lived beyond the age of 112.

The professor is Dr. Maurice Ernest, an eminent biologist. He is not one of those humorless and coldly doubting Thomases. On the contrary, he is a careful investigator who would like very much to prove that some members of the human race have survived as long as Francisco Saiz, the New Mexico redskin, says he has.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Ernest thinks that thousands of his fellowmen should be able to live well beyond 100 years, and eventually will. Back in 1928 he founded the Centenarians Club in London in the hope of extending life into a second century for its venerable members.

For 40 years he has studied all cases of extreme longevity that have come to his attention. It was this long-time inquiry that led him to fix 112 years as the limit, despite numerous stories to the contrary.

New Mexico's claimant to rivalry with Methuselah has not yet come under the Englishman's probing eye, but it is expected that he will before long. Saiz, who lives on a mountain farm at Arabella, told a woman reporter that he was born in 1810. He gets around with the aid of a cane and eats three good meals a day. He has his third set of natural teeth. The reporter says several people corroborate his statements.

Many Americans will recall Zara Agha, a Kurd, who visited this country in 1930. His sponsors proclaimed him to be 150 years old, but medical records show, Dr. Ernest says, that the old fellow was really only between 70 and 80. Zara Agha died in Turkey in 1934.

Some time back, Dr. Ernest aimed a bitter blow at Britain's favorite oldster—Thomas Parr. His tombstone in Westminster Abbey says he died at the age of 152. According to the biologist, a nobleman who took Parr to London added 50 years to his age in order to impress King Charles I. The dodge won Parr a tomb among England's kings and queens in the Abbey.

A more recent case investigated by Dr. Ernest is that of a Bechuanaland tribesman. British officials reported him to be 140. The scientist learned that the African was only 90 and had tacked on the extra years because he was a medicine man and wanted his fellow-tribesmen to believe he was immortal.

Another oldster whom Dr. Ernest would like to study and check up on is Alverz Ruedy Haabsburg, of Vancouver, British Columbia. Mr. Haabsburg, claiming to be the oldest resident of Canada, says he's in his 114th year.

The English biologist would be especially interested in the fact that this old-timer still has most of his own teeth, reads without glasses and is only a touch deaf.

Mr. Haabsburg insists that longevity runs in his family and that he had one extraordinarily durable brother who lived to be 129.

Another Canadian, one George Laramie of Victoria, would make a proper addition to Dr. Ernest's files. Mr. Laramie challenges the accuracy of Mr. Haabsburg's statements about his age, and says he can prove that he is the Dominion's most venerable citizen, although he is a mere 110.

Not long ago this centenarian, who has topped the Biblical "threescore years and ten" by 40 years—if his memory serves him—celebrated his 110th birthday surrounded by a small army of his kith and kin.

Some of the celebrants, who hadn't seen their venerable relative for years, were amazed at his keen mind and his physical vigor.

Leading scientists in America and Europe share Dr. Ernest's doubts of Zara Agha, Old Parr and others of the same ilk. They also agree with him that the time is coming when men and women will normally live 125 to 150 years. But they declare, that day isn't here yet

The Nobleman Who Took "Old Parr" to the Court of King Charles the First Probably Added 50 Years to the Man's Real Age in Order to Impress His Sovereign.

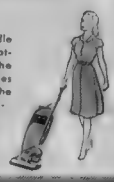
Take a moment

to learn about NO STOOPING

ONE-TWO IS ALL YOU DO

1. Place the new Premier Duplex on the rug, with its handle upright like this.

2. Lower handle to normal operating position. The "Rug-Meter" takes the measure of the rug pile, and adjusts the Premier Duplex to it.



NO STOOPING! The precision-built Premier "Rug-Meter" accurately "takes the measure" of the rug pile to be cleaned, then automatically adjusts the Premier Duplex to it. Only the Premier Duplex has the "Rug-Meter." Insist upon seeing it before you buy *any* cleaner. Your nearest Premier dealer will be glad to give you a quick demonstration, without obligation, in your home or in his store.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

EXPECT your new vacuum cleaner to free you from a lot of tiresome stooping and bending.

It will, if yours is the new Premier Duplex with the exclusive "RUG-METER." This remarkable device "takes the measure" of thick- or thin-pile rugs and carpets . . . automatically adjusts the new Premier Duplex to precisely the right height for most efficient cleaning on a *cushion of air*. No more stooping to adjust hand knobs or levers . . . no guesswork!

Ask your Premier dealer to demonstrate this and other work-saving advantages of the new Premier Duplex. Premier Attach-a-Tools—easy to use—whisk away soiling dust and dirt *above* the floor. Premier upright- and tank-type cleaners are sold by authorized sales and service dealers everywhere.

See the new

PREMIER DUPLEX

with the exclusive **"RUG-METER"**

Gee, mom,
I wasn't sure you cared!

"I used to think you said those sweet things to all the babies—till you started those glorious smooth-downs with clear, golden Mennen Baby Oil. Keep pouring it on me, Mom!"

Safer for Baby because it's antiseptic—Mennen is the famous original antiseptic baby oil. That's why over 3300 hospitals buy and use it to protect the extra-sensitive skins of newborn babies. That's why most doctors recommend it!

Helps Prevent Skin Irritations. Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil helps safeguard baby from roughness, chafing, urine irritation, diaper rash and other skin discomforts. Start using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil today.

Baby Needs NEW Mennen Baby Powder too! You'll agree with thousands of mothers who have switched to the New Mennen Baby Powder that "nothing could be softer, whiter, fresher-scented!" Made especially for baby's delicate skin. Perfect for grownups, too. Get Mennen Baby Powder today.

Mennen Baby Powder | Antiseptic Baby Oil

Two of the world's finest baby products

Letters to the Editor

I'VE been a reader and admirer of The American Weekly for 20 years. I have a question, for which I hope you'll pardon my presumption. In a recent article extolling the great John Paul Jones, you called him the "Father of the American Navy." I have always been taught that John Barry was the true father of the American Navy. Which is correct?

Michael J. Flangeen
New York, N.Y.

(John Barry was the first Commodore of the U. S. Navy, but John Paul Jones was its first commissioned officer. In commissioning Jones, John Hancock observed, "I should say that in making you a lieutenant, we lay the cornerstone of the American Navy."—Ed.)

* * *

What do your readers think of my problem?

My son is a disabled ex-GI, who trained with the civilian police of Cincinnati and spent 14 months in strict army training for Military Police. He applied for a state highway patrol job recently, the application specifying "high school education or the equivalent."

He was turned down because he had no high school education. Wouldn't you think 34 months with General Mark Clark's 88th "Blue Devil" Division in Africa and Italy is equivalent to 3 years of high school? He has four battle stars and a very honorable discharge.

Mrs. Alice Bock
Willoughby, Ohio.

* * *

Your recent "Heartbreaks of Society" article on heiress Clara Ward and her romance with the gypsy fiddler, Rigo Jancsi, was a perfect story. I know a little about the life of Rigo Jancsi—even visited his birthplace, a town called Pakozd about 30 miles southwest of Budapest and believe I'm safe in saying that your story was 100 per cent correct.

I greatly enjoy such stories. Let's have more like it.

Julius Mercy
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

(Several weeks ago, the writer of the following letter charged that three years in the Navy medical corps was not necessarily the equivalent of three years in nursing school as qualification for a registered nurse. Her present letter is an answer to some of our readers' counter-charges.—Ed.)

I was overseas in the first World War, and know what a grand bunch of willing boys we had, and how indispensable they were. But that doesn't mean those boys would fit in as civilian nurses without additional training.

Reader Olene Gauntt states that they learned as much as an ordinary doctor learns in school. Why don't they use the GI Bill of Rights to take a medical course, then?

Remember, the duties and responsibilities of doctors and nurses are different. And civilian nursing is much different from army nursing.

I still stick to my guns.

M. Allison, R.N.
Yakima, Wash.

* * *

I understand you have compiled a booklet on some of the articles in your "... Faith" series, by leading scientists. If this series is available for distribution, I would appreciate receiving the booklet.

Maj. George F. Gaerttner, Chaplain, Indoctrination Div., Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Texas.

(Chaplain Gaerttner has been sent a booklet.—Ed.)

* * *

Dear Amy Alden:

Thank you for sending me that treasure of treasures—all of your most wonderful recipes. I had every intention of sending you some of my mother's recipes, but haven't yet been able to write them down in terms of your wonderful American kitchen gadgets. How I envy you Americans. When you try my recipes in such a kitchen, they can't help but turn out perfect.

Farina Doray
Singapore, Malaya.

* * *

I am scheduled to teach a course in Freshman Orientation to the Holy Family Sisters, a colored community, in New Orleans.

In looking for material, I thought of your magazine. Through it, the students would acquire a lot of valuable information. Could you send me copies of The American Weekly, for use as a class project?

Sister Stella Marie, Sacred Heart H. S.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Copies have been sent to Sister Marie.—Ed.)

How Ina Claire Stays Young

INA CLAIRE is a brilliant actress with will power. She knows that, in spite of the passing years, a woman in her profession must keep young in mind and body if she is going to stay in the spotlight. Her colleagues of the stage, and the theatre-going public, are impressed, if not amazed, by her youthful verve and energy. In the next issue of The American Weekly, this celebrated actress tells the secret of her particular Fountain of Youth. You will learn something from Ina Claire's article, "How I Stay Young."

THE late Edith Rockefeller McCormick was a woman of iron will, too, and she spent much time and money to stay in the spotlight—not the bright beam that illuminates the stage but the spotlight of social supremacy. How this haughty daughter of the immensely wealthy John D. Rockefeller ran Chicago society for years, and stepped down under tragic circumstances, is told in "Enigma of Edith Rockefeller McCormick" in next week's magazine.

IF YOU like unusual yarns about horses, don't miss the stranger-than-fiction true story of a stallion named Nordlicht in our next issue. This handsome beast, a blue-blooded champion from a long line of champions, is the pride of the United States Army. But his Nazi background, and a tangle of American red tape, have made him an exile in a Virginia stable.

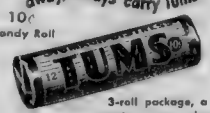
"When Acid Indigestion sets me all a-twitter, Tums set me right"

Says
BILLIE BURKE
Beloved Hollywood Actress

"Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don't go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!"

When acid indigestion hits *you*, get almost instant relief with Tums. And when it won't let you sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night's rest. There's nothing *surer*, nothing *faster!* Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach. Relieve that bloated feeling, gas and heartburn jiffy-quick. Tums contain no soda—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won't overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. Tums are handy, too—no mixing, no water needed. *Never* overalkalize, always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!
10¢
Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

FAMOUS QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

● Listen to Tums' "DATE WITH JUDY" NBC Network every Tuesday night

When your nerves occasionally get Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A SOFTER, CLEARER SKIN
...in just 7 days

Lather-massage twice daily with Cuticura Soap—apply Cuticura Ointment nightly enjoy thrilling new complexion loveliness. Scientifically medicated. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-187, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Wonderful Weskitten

Imagine—all this glamour—all this value—all for only $5.98! Contrasting pinwale corduroy in endearing weskit effect, pointed collar and band cuffs. Bright metal buttons. Push-up sleeves. And the new longer skirt. Superb quality rayon. Beige with dark green corduroy and gold buttons, aqua with wine corduroy and silver buttons, gray with wine corduroy and silver buttons, royal with red corduroy and silver buttons. 9-11-13-15-17. We mail immediately. Rush coupon.

ONLY 5.98

SEND NO MONEY • SENT ON APPROVAL

Broadway Fashions Dept. WS
599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Send the lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE
STATE

ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL FROM
Broadway Fashions 599 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY

Yes, Margarine—

Modern U. S. pronunciation—*Mar'jer-in*

GOOD, GOOD, GOOD!

You know you save when you choose margarine.
Know also the answers to questions like these.

Why do youngsters like it?

Because children judge foods by taste and appearance. Your youngsters—yes, all youngsters—really go for the sweet, fresh, natural flavor of modern margarine.

Why can't I buy it ready-colored?

Because of an old Federal tax of 10¢ a pound on colored margarine. Besides, many states either bar the sale of colored margarine or put extra, heavy taxes on it.

What about its food values?

Margarine is top rank as an energy food. It is highly digestible. And it is a uniformly dependable supplier of essential Vitamin A, month in and month out.

Can I use it for cooking, too?

Yes, margarine's rich, fresh flavor is just as good in sauces, in cakes, or as a seasoning on vegetables as it is when you spread it on bread, toast or biscuits.

WHY THIS PAGE IS YELLOW—It is so you will again ask yourself, "Why can't I get margarine ready-colored yellow the way I want it?" In fact, this yellow color is to remind you that horse-and-buggy legislation dating back to 1886, through heavy taxation and license fees, restricts the sale of margarine colored by the manufacturer. No other food is so penalized and discriminated against.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MARGARINE MANUFACTURERS
Munsey Building, Washington 4, D. C.

GOOD THINGS TO MAKE FROM *Dried Fruit*

by *Betty Blake*

If you haven't discovered that Prunes can be just as good at the end of the day as they are at the beginning, try this really de luxe dessert for dinner this very night . . .

PRUNE CREAM WHIP

A real "company" dessert that's delightful to serve and that tastes just as good as it looks! To make it you will need

- 1½ cups cooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
- ¼ cup powdered sugar
- ½ teaspoon grated fresh orange rind
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- few grains salt
- ½ pint whipping cream
- Maraschino cherries (may be omitted)

Pit prunes and cut into small pieces. Add sugar, orange rind, cinnamon, salt, and mix. Whip cream until thick but not stiff. Whip Prune mixture into cream, a little at a time. Chill thoroughly, but do not freeze. Serve in glasses, topping each serving with a Maraschino cherry if desired.

• • •

Next time you want something really special for tea, toast several slices of whole wheat bread on both sides, spread with butter, then with jam made with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Apricots, and sprinkle with grated American cheese. Pop them into the broiler until the cheese is melted, then cut into strips. We call them "Apricot Cheese Fingers"—they are really something!

• • •

SUNSWEET Prunes hang on the trees until they're heavy with goodness. Then they're "Tenderized" for quick cooking and better eating, and packed hot in foil-sealed cartons — packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS ASSN.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, and SUNSWEET Prune Juice

For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted

GRAVY MASTER
makes gravy
IT
EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW

Keep Saving Your Used Cooking Fats. Every Ounce Is Badly Needed.

A Light Touch Makes a Perfect Omelet.

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Cheese in Your Dinner for Taste and Zest

JUST for a change, serve cheese with your meals. It's nutritious and economical, too.

When your family tires of regular luncheon dishes, see if they do not acclaim the change that the recipes given here afford. The Fish Casserole with the flaked cooked fish whose special seasoning is brought out by a cheddar cheese sauce poured into it before baking. The hamburgers of beef, lamb or veal are good to start with but dressed up with a cheese sauce and baked they are luscious. An Omelet sprinkled with grated cheese needs no explanation, just roll it up and serve on a hot plate.

But the recipe for a light and delicious cheesecake is one made with cottage cheese that can be whipped together without fuss. Served cold, it is something to bring out with pride. Do not overlook the Apple Pie with its slices of cheddar cheese cooked right along with the apples. That, you will find unusual.

Cream Cheese and Egg Spread

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 4 hard-cooked egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 2 tsps. prepared mustard
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
- ⅛ tsp. paprika

Combine all ingredients and use as a spread on toasted or buttered bread, or crisp crackers. A tasty use for left-over egg yolks.

Cheese-Fish Casserole

- 1½ cups milk, scalded
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 canned pimiento, chopped
- 1 tbsp. minced parsley
- 1¼ tbsps. minced onion
- 1½ cups grated cheddar cheese
- ¾ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- Dash paprika
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 2 cups flaked cooked whitefish or salmon

Pour the scalded milk over the bread crumbs. Add next 7 ingredients. Then add the eggs. Put the fish in a greased 1½ qt. casserole, pour milk and cheese mixture over it. Set in a pan of warm water, and bake in a moderate oven of 325° F. for 75 min., or until firm. Serves 6.

Cheese Hamburgers

- ½ lb. chuck or round beef, ground
- ½ cup corn flakes
- 1¾ cups milk
- ¾ tsp. salt
- Speck pepper
- ¼ cup catchup
- 2 tbsps. fat or salad oil
- 3 tbsps. flour
- 1 tbsp. prepared mustard
- ¼ lb. grated cheese

Combine the beef, corn flakes, ¼ cup milk, ¼ tsp. salt, pepper, and catchup. Form into 6 patties, then saute in 1 tbsp. fat until brown on both sides. Melt remaining 1 tbsp. fat in a saucepan. Stir in flour and mustard, then remaining 1½ cups milk and ½ tsp. salt. Add cheese and cook until melted. Arrange hamburgers in a baking dish. Pour sauce over them, then bake in a slow oven of 325° F. for 20 min. Serves 6.

Cheese Omelet

- 1½ tbsps. fat or salad oil
- 6 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup water
- Speck pepper
- ½ cup grated cheese

Heat the fat in a skillet; then tip the skillet to grease the sides and bottom. Beat the eggs, using a hand beater or an electric beater at medium speed — just enough to blend the yolks and whites. Add the salt, milk, and pepper, and beat thoroughly. Pour into the skillet and cook over low heat until a film of cooked egg has formed on the bottom of the pan. Sprinkle cheese over omelet as it cooks. Lift the edge of this cooked egg and tilt the pan so that the uncooked portion runs under the raised cooked portion. Repeat the lifting, and cooking process until the entire mixture is cooked and golden brown on the bottom—this process will take about 10 min. Then loosen the omelet with a spatula, fold from handle side of skillet to opposite side. Or roll jelly-roll fashion, and turn onto a warm platter. Serves 4.

Cheese-Apple Pie

Flaky pastry

- 6 cups cored, sliced apples
- ¼ lb. sliced cheese
- ⅔ cup granulated sugar
- ½ tsp. powdered nutmeg
- ½ tsp. powdered cinnamon
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
- 1 tbsp. butter or fortified margarine
- Top milk

Arrange about half of pastry, rolled ¼" thick, in bottom of 9" pie plate, pressed lightly to fit sides. Trim even with edge of plate. Arrange apples and sliced cheese in layers, packing down lightly. Combine next 6 ingredients; sprinkle over all. Dot with butter; then moisten edge of lower crust with cold water. Roll rest of pastry into circle ⅛" thick and 2" larger than diameter of pie plate. Make slits in center. Arrange over apples. Trim, leaving ½" overhanging border. Fold edge of upper crust under lower crust; then flute. Brush with top milk. Bake at 425° F. 40 min., or until apples are tender. Serve warm or cold

Cheese Muffins

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. granulated sugar
- 1 cup grated cheese, lightly packed
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ cup melted shortening

Sift together all the dry ingredients; add cheese. Combine remaining ingredients. Add all at once to flour mixture, stirring, not beating, quickly and vigorously until just mixed and of a lumpy appearance. Over-stirring causes coarse-textured muffins. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full, and bake in a hot oven of 425° F. about 25 min. Makes 14 muffins. 2¼ cups sifted cake flour may be substituted for the all-purpose flour.

Dessert Cheesecake

- 2 cups fine zwieback crumbs
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- 1½ tsps. cinnamon
- ½ cup melted butter or fortified margarine
- 4 eggs
- 1½ tbsps. lemon juice
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- 1 cup light cream
- 3 cups cottage cheese
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 tsps. grated lemon rind
- ¼ cup chopped walnuts

Combine crumbs, ⅓ cup sugar, cinnamon and butter. Reserve ¾ cup of this crumb mixture. Press remainder to bottom and sides of a 9" spring-form pan. Beat eggs light; then beat in 1 cup sugar gradually. Add lemon juice, salt, cream, cheese and flour; beat with hand or electric beater until blended; then strain through fine sieve. Add lemon rind; stir well. Pour into pan; sprinkle top with reserved crumbs, then nuts. Bake in moderate oven of 350° F. for 1 hr. Turn off heat, open oven door, and let cake cool in oven 1 hr. Chill. Remove from pan. Serves 10 to 12.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (A) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (62) New England Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- ☐ (72) Good Curry Dishes
- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
- ☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- ☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- ☐ (79) New Cakes
- ☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
- ☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
- ☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- ☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (93) Almanac Picnic Recipes
- ☐ (94) Keep Cool Dinner Dishes
- ☐ (95) Almanac Preserve Recipes
- ☐ (96) Canning, Drying Recipes
- ☐ (97) Iced Drinks & Desserts

$41,000 in Prizes!

Win a new GE Kitchen or $5000 cash!

completely installed and equipped
designed especially for your home!

OR you can have any of these wonderful General Electric units from the Grand Prize kitchen, plus the difference in cash up to $5,000.

- Refrigerator
- Range
- Automatic Washer
- Electric Sink with Dishwasher and Disposall
- Cabinets
- Ventilating Fan
- Automatic Rooster
- Waffle Iron
- Electric Mixer
- Automatic Toaster
- Automatic Coffee Maker
- Sandwich Grill
- Double-Duty Iron (steam and dry)
- Kitchen Clock
- Radio

Plus a year's supply of Swift's Cleanser

Now you can have the kitchen you've always wanted! Complete in every detail from floor to ceiling—including redecorating and special lighting—everything you need! All designed exclusively for your home and completely installed as soon as possible after close of contest. If you don't need *complete* new equipment, you can take any part thereof and cash difference up to $5,000. Gas appliances furnished if requested.

BUT that's not all! There will be *many* winners in this sensational contest!

Major prize winners will be announced in the American Weekly.

Just Look! 115 Prizes in all!

Tear this out NOW!

100 GE ELECTRIC MIXERS— 2nd PRIZES

500 GE AUTOMATIC TOASTERS— 3rd PRIZES

500 GE ELECTRIC STEAM IRONS— 4th PRIZES

Big Weekly Bonus Prizes!

10 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
(8 cubic feet maximum capacity)
EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS!

Listen to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, weekday mornings on ABC for special announcements.

1st Weekly Contest starts September 21, ends midnight, September 27
2nd Weekly Contest starts September 28, ends midnight, October 4
3rd Weekly Contest starts October 5, ends midnight, October 11
4th Weekly Contest starts October 12, ends midnight, October 18
5th Weekly Contest starts October 19, ends midnight, October 25

(use this entry blank or just write on the back of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper)

Just add a line to this jingle

Swift's Cleanser's America's finest
It's scratchless and speedier, too
It cuts all the grease in an instant

(Fill in the last line to rhyme with "too." EXAMPLE: "This cleanser's for me and for you!")

Name_____

P. O. Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Read these easy rules:

1. Print or write plainly your jingle line, the last word to rhyme with the word "too" in the jingle, on the entry blank or on the reverse side of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper.

2. Your entry must contain *2* Swift's Cleanser wrappers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. If you use the back of the wrapper to write your entry, accompany it with a second Swift's Cleanser wrapper. If you use the entry blank, attach *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers. Print plainly your name and address. Mail your entry to Swift & Company, P. O. Box 1155, Chicago 90, Illinois. Send as many entries as you wish, but be sure to enclose *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers with each entry; send no money.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

4. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest — except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

5. Contest opens September 21; closes October 25, 1947. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by October 31, 1947. Entries received before midnight September 27 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Winners of weekly prizes and the Grand Prize will be announced over Don McNeill's Breakfast Club radio program (consult your newspaper for time and station) shortly after each contest closes. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including the Grand Prize. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contest Clues!

Here are facts about Swift's Cleanser that may help you to compose a prize-winning jingle. When you use Swift's Cleanser you will find many more reasons why it is *America's finest*. Swift's Cleanser is speedy and scratchless! It's the *only* cleanser that gives you both instant grease cutting and scratchless cleaning. Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color. It is odorless. It leaves no sediment. Swift's Cleanser comes in a pretty polka dot package in your choice of three colors (red, green or blue) to match your home color scheme. Swift's Cleanser is so fine and smooth it actually polishes as it cleans. Swift's Cleanser was developed in the research laboratories of Swift & Company to be the modern cleanser for modern women to use in the home of today and tomorrow.

Try this safe, easy way

TO CLEAN BATHTUBS FAST!

Don't let scratches catch dirt and make your cleaning harder! Bon Ami cleans *without scratchy grit.* No hard scrubbing. No dulling that shiny "new" look of tubs and sinks. And as you clean, you get a sparkle. That's how Bon Ami is different. It's so fine hands stay pretty, too. Get brighter results this safe, easy way!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

HOW TO CLEAN PAINTED WALLS

-easy as dusting!

Just wipe SOIL-OFF on—and the soil wipes off!

NO WATER, NO RINSING, NO DRYING!

Ready-mixed Soil-Off restores natural beauty, refreshens color. Your walls will have that freshly painted look in ⅔ less time. Soil-Off penetrates soil—not the paint. Harmless to hands, too. Mildly disinfects and deodorizes as it cleans.

INVENTED BY *Vera Nyman*

Mrs. Nyman, a homemaker herself, tested and perfected Soil-Off in 75,000 homes. *The result:* America's finest liquid paint cleaner — a proved best seller. Try a bottle today. Soil-Off Mfg. Co., Glendale, Calif.

SOIL-OFF

THE ORIGINAL LIQUID PAINT CLEANER

The Cleaner with "The Feather Touch"

The Epicure

COSMOPOLITAN HUNGARIAN VEAL GOULASH

By ARTHUR FIEDLER

MY TRAVELS throughout North and South America as guest conductor of the greatest symphony orchestras in the Western Hemisphere have acquainted me with some of the finest dishes ever prepared by famous chefs of the countries I have visited.

No matter where I have traveled, I have never come across a more appetizing recipe than Cosmopolitan Hungarian Veal Goulash, which my housekeeper, Mrs. Louise Smith, introduced me to 17 years ago.

As a matter of fact, when she first served me this favorite dish of mine, made by her special recipe, I vowed then and there that anyone who could concoct such a delicious dish must forever remain in my employ. My wife, Ellen, and my young daughter, Johanna, heartily agree.

I am sure that readers of The American Weekly will be as enthusiastic about my Cosmopolitan Hungarian Veal Goulash as we Fiedlers are. Here is the recipe:

2 lbs. clear veal meat
2 large onions
1 tbsp. Hungarian paprika
2 tbsps. butter
Dash salt
Dash pepper
2 tbsps. flour
3 tbsps. water

First, take two pounds of clear veal meat and cut into pieces about one inch in size. Select two large onions and cut very fine.

Melt two tablespoons of butter. Fry the onions in the butter until they are light brown. Add the veal pieces and stir constantly until everything is nicely browned. Then add the paprika and enough boiling water or hot stock to cover.

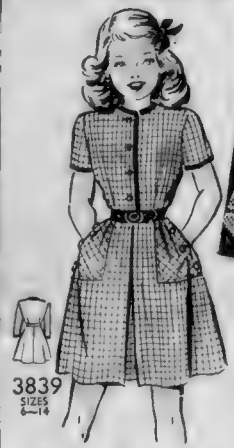
Simmer slowly until the meat is tender, and flavor to taste with salt and pepper. Add the two tablespoonfuls of flour for thickening diluted in three tablespoonfuls of water. Use iron spider or heavy cooking pot. This amount will serve approximately four people.

Small flour dumplings or home-made noodles are good with this dish.

Well, there it is! I guarantee that strict adherence to Mrs. Smith's detailed instructions will produce delectable results.

Arthur Fiedler Is the Conductor of the Famed Boston Symphony Pops Orchestra. His Hobbies Are Making Ship Models, Traveling, and Collecting Musical Scores.

Needle News



3839—A trim frock for school and after. Note the new huge pockets, deep skirt pleat. Girls' sizes 6-14. Size 10, 2¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

3150—Simple square in rich design—for table mats, scarf or cloth. Pattern has complete directions.

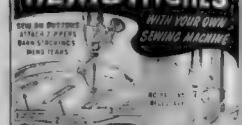
3151—Tiny tots will love this cuddly doll dressed in overalls and blouse. She's 15 in. tall—her arms and legs move. Transfer of doll; clothes; directions.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

New EASY WAY Makes BUTTON HOLES HEMSTITCHES

WITH YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE



SPECIAL OFFER

REG. 2.00 VALUE BOTH for ONLY $1.

Twice as neat results in half the time with any sewing machine . . . Simple to use.

Second, you get our amazing attachment which does all types of hemstitching on your own sewing machine. No more mailing someone else to do your hemstitching. No more ordinary making runs by hand. Now YOU can do it yourself quickly, easily! Does tucking, smocking, picoting, too.

SEND NO MONEY

Test Both Attachments on Approval

Just send your name and address. No money in advance. Pay postman on guarantee if you are not delighted with both you may return for full refund. Or you may send cash with order and save C.O.D. charges. Same guarantee applies. Mail your name and address NOW.

TREVA CO. Dept 128-M 2445 E 85th St., Chicago 17, Ill.

GONE

discomfort of

- SICK HEADACHE
- ACID INDIGESTION
- CONSTIPATION

due to ordinary sluggishness

Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE ENO

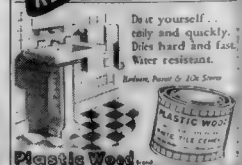
Why feel upset, tired, headachy because of late hours, acid indigestion or temporary sluggishness? Take sparkling Eno *at bedtime* and you'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid.—*When you wake,* take Eno as a *speedy,* gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggists today—see how *good* it is!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!

RESET LOOSE OR BROKEN TILES



Do it yourself . . . easily and quickly. Dries hard and fast. Water resistant.

Plastic Wood and WHITE TILE CEMENT

Ask for this PORTER Streamliner Carpet Sweeper

for modern sweeping Ease

PORTER STEEL SPECIALTIES, INC. SHELBYVILLE, IND.

Doris Denison's Column in T... Gives Several Tips on Clean... and Caring for Those Lace Curtain Lampshade...

warning!
Dry Skin
makes you look older

new
Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
- gives a fresher, younger look
- softens sun-dried skin

BEWARE! Dry skin brings deeper lines, flaking . . . may make you look years older than you are!

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Send for your free sample today.

FREE SAMPLE . . . *See beautifying results*

I want to try FREE sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream, and see its softening action on my skin. (Print name, address clearly. Paste coupon on penny postcard.) Mail to Box 36, Cincinnati 14, O. 433

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

The NIGHTIE of Alluring Charm by BLACK MAGIC $5.98

Choice of These Luscious Colors! BLACK, BLUE, PINK or WHITE

ENTICING! This dream nightie is made especially for figure flattery. Wear it when you yearn to look your most alluring. It's your feminine bedtimer of soft rayon sheer, lavishly trimmed with expensive lace and ribbon. You're a picture of loveliness when you slip on this enchanting gown with its wealth of lace and gorgeous design. You'll be delighted!

SEND NO MONEY

Wear this beautiful gown at OUR RISK. If you're not completely satisfied, your money refunded. In all sizes: Misses' 10 to 14, Women's 32 to 42. Extra large sizes 44 to 52, price $6.98. Better order now! Send size and color wanted. Pay postman C.O.D. plus postage.

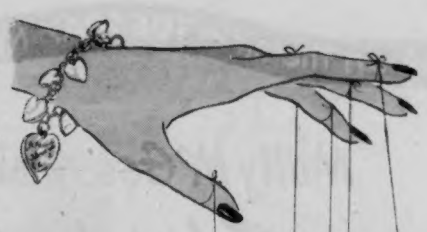
International Diamond Co., Garment Dept. 5651
2435 So. Indiana Avenue, Chicago 16, Ill.

TRUE WEST TOGS
like
COWBOYS WEAR

Real soft-leather vests and chaps (skirts for girls). Two-tone brown . . . Authentic styling and details . . . Real leather rosettes, with simulated silver conchos . . . Rivetted and reinforced . . . Sizes: 4-6, 6-8, 8-12 years . . . Money back guarantee . . . $10 value for $7.95 postpaid. Check, money order, or C.O.D.

RALPH MASON & CO.
3917 12TH N. E., SEATTLE 5, WASHINGTON

Turn to the Household Almanac Page Where Amy Alden Has Listed Several Delicious Recipes Made With Cheese, Which Will Add Taste and Zest to Your Meals.



Away with LINES and BULGES

By Sally Young

LITTLE laugh lines around the eyes, as well as the little bulge under the chin, are aggravating points for many beauty-seeking women.

The laugh lines, generally, are an indication of skin dryness and should be lubricated with a heavy oil or eye cream. Eye strain should be avoided and the eyes should be bathed often and regularly with boric acid or an eye solution recommended by your doctor.

But what to do during the day, when you can't be bathing or lubricating the eye area? One cosmetician has put out an invisible film which seems to minimize those little laugh lines. The film can be used under your powder, and no one is the wiser—except you, of course.

Chin Up

NO ONE need tell you that the basic cause for double chins is bad posture. And it follows like the night the day that your stance must be corrected if your extra chin's to go.

The lift to your chin comes from behind the ears. This is because there is a muscle known as the digastric muscle or "chin controller," which is hinged behind one ear, goes down under the chin and runs up behind the other ear.

Never stretch the front of your neck, sticking your chin up and out or you'll develop three chins where only two hung before. This bad habit will only stretch the skin front, increasing its tendency to over-lap.

So, hold your ears high. To get this right, pretend that you're a marionette and that the strings which hold you up are attached behind your ears.

A Chin Strap

IF, WHILE you're learning to hold your chin up, you would like a little cosmetic help, here's one. It's an invisible chin strap. Actually, it's a liquid, which, when applied with the fingertips, tightens the skin. It works much like the invisible lotion for eye lines and, like it, is only a temporary measure. The chin strap, too, can be used under make-up.

Ankle Accents

THE elongated silhouette and longer hemlines of present fashions puts the accent on ankles. You can not change the bone structure of your ankles, but you can help to shape them up or down. This tapering exercise is suggested by the director of a famous New York reducing salon.

Lie on your back on the floor with two sofa pillows under your hips and bend your knees to your chest. Encircle your left ankle with both hands. Twist your hands back and forth as hard as you possibly can in a circular movement around your ankle. Continuing this twisting movement, slowly travel up the leg until you have massaged well above the knee. Repeat this twisting massage five times on each leg.

If your ankles look like two little sticks underneath the longer hemlined fashions, you can help to develop them by exercise. Simply walk and walk and walk as much and whenever you can.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

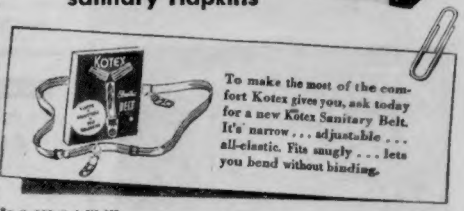
BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage

Not a shadow of a doubt—

You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all *very personally yours.*

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ADVERTISEMENT

It's such a real help in modern living, no up-to-date home should be without the world-famous *aperient*—refreshing, gently laxative KRUSCHEN.

When temporary constipation or "too much party" has made you dull and dragged-down, take Kruschen for the following four good reasons:

EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.

WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.

GENTLE ACTION—Formula is balanced to act gently, without discomfort.

TIME-TESTED—Over 500,000,000 packages sold throughout the world.

Kruschen is a *balanced* blend of minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs. At your druggist. 35c to 85c. Now in TWO FORMS: New, pleasant-tasting Effervescent Kruschen and the original Kruschen Salts. Simple directions on every package. Caution: use only as directed.

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY back on the air — TUESDAY NIGHTS NBC

Molly McGee reminds you of 5 bright ideas to keep your home shining-clean

Heavenly Days, ladies, you don't have to spend your life scrubbing and cleaning and sweeping and dusting. Give Johnson's Wax the job of keeping your whole house clean and shining. Why, with just an occasional application of Johnson's Wax to your floors, furniture and woodwork you'll say home never was so easy on the eyes... or so easy on *you*. You see, these old favorites in the familiar yellow and red packages give a *lasting* protective polish. You fairly skip through your housework—have lots more time off—it takes only a once-over lightly with a dust cloth to keep your beautiful, waxed home bright and shining!

CHECK THESE 5 HELPFUL IDEAS...AND SPECIAL OFFER!

IDEA No. 1 **You'll say your wood floors never looked so rich, so mellow!**

Try what you like . . . you won't find *anything* that gives your floors, furniture and woodwork such glowing richness—such sparkling luster and tough protection as Johnson's Paste Wax. Regular care with Johnson's Wax makes your whole housekeeping routine easier —a light dusting keeps your home shining. 100 extra uses on the label. **59¢ lb.**

IDEA No. 2 **The easy way to keep floors clean — buffing wax in liquid form!**

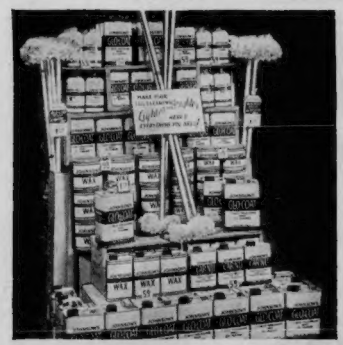
The perfect wax for cleaning *and* wax polishing doorways, hallways . . . wherever traffic is heavy and dirt gathers. Johnson's Liquid Wax contains a special cleaner . . . is easy to apply. Perfect, too, for wax-protecting furniture, woodwork, leather, etc. **59¢ pt. 98¢ qt.**

IDEA No. 3 **Keep furniture brighter—dusting lighter with this new-type cream wax!**

You'll like Johnson's Cream Wax . . . specially developed for your furniture and light woodwork. It cleans, polishes in one application — removes fingerprints, smudges quickly — leaves a smooth, hard, dry wax finish. Dusting is easy . . . the luster *lasts!* **59¢ pt.**

IDEA No. 4 **Your car's original "showroom shine" restored quickly, easily!**

The car polish motorists have dreamed about! Johnson's Carnu* cleans *and* polishes in *one* quick application. Apply it, rubbing only enough to loosen grime. Let dry, wipe off . . . and your car sparkles like new! **59¢ pt.**



Look for this display when you shop!
Most dealers feature displays of Johnson's Five Famous polishes right now. Order all five. You'll find good use for them every week in the year.

IDEA No. 5 **Have sparkling linoleum — with less work!**

Special Combination Offer

Don't miss this chance to get a useful, well-made, long-handled Glo-Coat* applier! It's yours *at no extra cost* with purchase of half-gallon or gallon of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. At your dealer's now!

GLO-COAT NOW GIVES LINOLEUM NEARLY TWICE THE SHINE! Good news indeed! Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat—always a favorite because of its brightness —now gives nearly *twice* as much shine to all your linoleum and varnished wood floors... *without rubbing or buffing!* **59¢ pt. 98¢ qt. $1.59 ½ gal. $2.98 gal.**

AT YOUR DEALER'S NOW!

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
"Johnson's" and "Glo-Coat" are registered trademarks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

PURE AND FAST

HERE IS ASPIRIN AT ITS BEST

Dependable St. Joseph Aspirin is known to many as "America's Great Pain Reliever," for headache, painful discomforts of colds, neuralgia, functional monthly pain. Only 40¢ for bottle of 100. Keep it handy.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN 12 TABLETS STILL ONLY 10¢

LOOK

For spots on drapes, upholstery—quick the Mufti bottle! Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients . . . cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—in a jiffy!

NOT 1 BUT 4

MUFTI SPOT REMOVER

Helps keep me on my feet!

say many old folks about good tasting SCOTT'S EMULSION

Thousands of happy folks know this! Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion helps you ward off colds—helps you get well faster—and helps you keep going strong when your diet needs more natural A&D Vitamins! Scott's is a HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC—rich in *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Try it! See how well you feel. Easy to take and digest. Economical. Buy today at your drug store!

MORE than just a tonic—
it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

GOOD NEWS!
TWO NEW ALL-IN-ONE HEARING AIDS
BY *Western Electric*

COMPACT MODEL 65
● For the majority of the hard of hearing: new Western Electric Model 65. Weighs only 6 ounces! Offers extraordinary wearing convenience . . . costs less than one cent an hour to operate.

NEW SUPER 66
● For those with severe hearing loss: new Super 66 provides tremendous amplification . . . finest acoustical performance of any hearing aid designed by famous Bell Telephone Laboratories.

FREE! More information on these two new instruments. Write for full-color booklet. We'll also send you, free, the new book, "Modern Science and Your Hearing," full of facts to interest every hard-of-hearing person.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Western Electric Dept. 380-AW10
195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me the illustrated booklet about two new *all-in-one* Western Electric hearing aids. Include my free copy of "Modern Science and Your Hearing."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

Lampshade Care

By Doris Denison

THERE just doesn't seem to be any getting around it—lampshades are notorious dust catchers! What's more, the dust can turn into streaks of dirt, which, on fragile fabrics, are practically impossible to remove. What to do about it? The answer certainly is not to leave on the transparent paper which covers new lampshades, although it is a temptation. This shiny paper makes your lampshade look like a fancy Easter egg instead of a well integrated accessory. Its purpose is to protect the shade in the store only. Furthermore, the wrapping has a tendency to shrink in certain weather, which causes the fabric of the shade to buckle and wrinkle.

The first answer to the dust problem is to go over all of your lampshades regularly (at least once a week), inside and out, with a soft cloth, vacuum cleaner attachment, or soft brush. An inexpensive shaving brush is excellent to use on fragile pleated shades.

The next step is to keep a sharp eye on your shades, and not let any one of them go too long without a more thorough cleaning than the regular dusting.

Washable Fabric Shades

Shades made of silk, rayon or any washable fabric can be washed in soap and water if the trimmings and bindings are sewed (not glued) to the frame and are color-fast.

Brush off all surface dust, and plunge the shade up and down in a tub of lukewarm suds. Rub gently with a small, soft brush or soaped fingers to remove stubborn spots or streaks. Work quickly, and do not soak shade in the water. Rinse thoroughly in clear, lukewarm water. Blot up excess moisture with a bath towel and dry as rapidly as possible away from direct heat. An electric fan hastens drying.

If any glue or paste is used on trimmings remove them before washing the shade. Or leave trimmings on and clean entire shade with a good home dry cleaner.

Non-Washable Fabrics

Any shade made of chintz, linen, or a coarsely woven fabric which might shrink, should be dry cleaned.

Parchment Shades

Parchment and imitation parchment shades can be cleaned with an art gum eraser or with dry suds.

Apply the suds with a sponge to one section at a time. Work quickly, wiping off suds with a clean, damp cloth as you go along. Don't forget to clean the inside as well as the outside!

Minor Repairs

MINOR repairs on shades are easy to make. Often a piece of silk or cotton bias tape, hand-stitched around the top, is all that's needed to keep frame and fabric together.

Paper shades which come loose can be repaired by affixing heavy gummed paper tape to the metal frame and to the inside of the shade where it won't show.

New braid and other trimmings can be bought at all notion counters and may be all that is needed to give your lamp a completely "new" look.

If you would like to try your hand at making your own shades, cut out the box at the bottom of this page, follow carefully all of the directions for obtaining the chart and "How to Make Lampshades" will be sent to you.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

DATE and NUT ROLL

Chill and serve—no cooking!

Make it the day before!

A magic dessert made with EAGLE BRAND!

DATE and NUT ROLL

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 cups (½ pound) vanilla wafer crumbs
1 cup finely chopped dates
½ cup chopped nut meats
Confectioners' sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Mix dates and nut meats. Sprinkle flat surface with confectioners' sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 or 10-inch rectangle. Spread with date mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice and serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

It's so quick and easy to make exciting desserts! And you know they'll always come out just right—when you use Eagle Brand, the *original* Sweetened Condensed Milk! A smooth *ready-to-use* blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Made to Borden's high standard of quality.

FREE! 70 delicious, foolproof recipes for cookies, puddings, frosting, ice creams in the Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes. Send penny post card to Borden's, Dept. AW-17, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y.

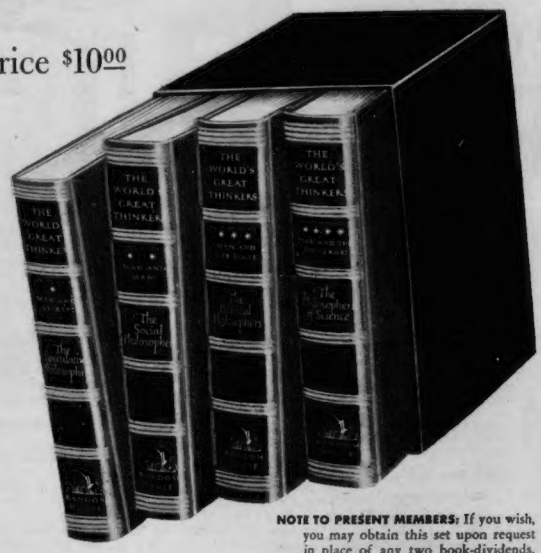
©The Borden Co.

Delicious . . . with Genuine New England Flavor

Mealy, tender, wonderfully better flavored. Actually baked (not steamed) with pork and spicy sauces, *all day long* . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Company.

THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

In Four Volumes, Boxed · Retail Price $10.00



Given Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

HERE are the philosophies men live by . . . from the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day. These careful selections compiled by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance from over forty of the world's greatest thinkers, in writings as vitally important today as they ever were.

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you wish, you may obtain this set upon request in place of any two book-dividends.

Here . . . **IN FOUR HANDSOME VOLUMES, BOXED . . . WITH INDIVIDUAL INTRODUCTIONS ARE FORTY-THREE SELECTED MASTERPIECES OF THOUGHT THAT HAVE MADE AND INFLUENCED HISTORY**

Over 2000 pages!

Begin your subscription **WITH ANY ONE OF THESE NATIONAL BEST-SELLERS**

THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S Latest Book
THE MONEYMAN
A Rich Historical Romance
$3.00

INSIDE U. S. A.
by JOHN GUNTHER
Price to members only
$3.50

THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY
by NATALIE ANDERSON SCOTT
$3.00

PEACE OF MIND
by JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN
$2.50

EAST RIVER
by SHOLEM ASCH
$3.00

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A510
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, the four volume set of The World's Great Thinkers with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ THE MONEYMAN by Thomas B. Costain *($3.00)*
☐ PEACE OF MIND by Joshua Loth Liebman *($2.50)*
☐ INSIDE U. S. A. by John Gunther *($3.50)*
☐ EAST RIVER by Sholem Asch *($3.00)*
☐ THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY by Natalie Anderson Scott *($3.00)*

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.....
City..... Postal Zone No. (If any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

You buy many books-of-the-month ANYWAY—why not get them from the Club, PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends

YOU do not pay any fixed yearly sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you have a very wide choice among the important books published each year.

Not only do the Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book (sometimes a double selection) as the book-of-the-month; in addition, the Club makes available "special members' editions" of many widely-discussed books—*making a total of fifty to sixty books* each year from which you may choose.

If you buy as few as *four of these books in any twelve-month period,* you get the full privileges of Club membership, and since there are sure to be, among so many good books, *at least four that you would buy anyway,* the saving to you is extraordinary.

You pay the regular retail price—frequently less—for the book-of-the-month, whenever you decide to take it. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) Then, with every two books you buy (from among the books-of-the-month and "special members' editions" made available) you receive—*free*—one of the Club's book-dividends.

These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year the retail value of the free books Club members received was in excess of $16,000,000—books given to members, not sold! This year it will be more. Why not share in this distribution, *particularly since you need never take any book you do not want,* and actually pay less for many books?

Also, as a member, you are kept thoroughly informed about all the important new books, and insure yourself against missing the ones you are particularly anxious to read. These, briefly, are the sensible reasons why hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club.